

Illustrated News

VOL. III.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

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\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 56.—REV. MORLEY PUNSHON, M. A.
PRESIDENT WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OF CANADA.

Among the men of ability, attracted of late years to this country, Mr. Punshon holds a prominent rank. Though not quite three years in Canada, he has become very generally known throughout the Provinces. His lectures from the platform and his sermons from the pulpit are characterised by singular force and eloquence, and he never fails to attract a crowded assembly wherever he appears. As a leading minister among the Wesleyans in England, his co-religionists in Canada hailed his arrival amongst them as a precious boon, and placed him at the head of their conference, a position for which his talent, ability, and experience so well fitted him. Mr. Punshon has also lectured and preached in the United States as well as throughout the Lower Provinces, and everywhere his ministrations have been earnestly sought after.

William Morley Punshon was born at Doncaster, England, in 1824, where his father carried on the business of linen draper. When but fourteen years of age, he entered the service of his grandfather, who was a timber merchant at Hull, and there his capacity for business was soon developed, for he creditably performed the duties that usually are only assigned to men of age and experience. While with his grandfather, he became possessed with a strong desire to enter the ministry, and accordingly devoted all his spare moments to study that he might qualify himself for the sacred office. In 1840 he commenced his newly chosen career at Sunderland as "local preacher," a preparatory ministerial office, the duties of which are always exacted of candidates for admission to the Wesleyan pastorate. Four years later, and after he had passed a short probationary term at the Wesleyan College, Richmond, the Rev. Mr. Punshon accepted his first pastoral charge at Marden in the county of Kent. Here the vigorous, soul stirring eloquence for which he has since been distinguished, soon began to attract attention, and the leaders of the Wesleyan body found that they had in the

earnest young pulpit orator, a man whose field of usefulness might be profitably enlarged. At this time Mr. Punshon was but twenty-one years of age; yet the conference removed him from Marden to the more responsible charge of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, where, his reputation having preceded him, people flocked from all

have been very much admired wherever they have been delivered.

Since his arrival in Canada, Mr. Punshon has been frequently invited to the platform, and has sometimes accepted the invitation. His lecture on Macaulay has received much applause, and though opinions vary as to

Mr. Punshon's estimate of the great historian, essayist and poet, there are no two minds as to the eloquence of his discourse, or the candid and critical manner in which he deals with the subject. Domestic affliction has of late years borne somewhat heavily upon him, and has, doubtless, prevented his appearance in public, except in the performance of his ministerial duties, as often as the people would like to see him; and there are now rumours afloat that he may probably soon return to England, a step which would be much regretted by the Wesleyan body in this country.

At the General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists of Canada, held in 1867, it was resolved to apply to the British Conference for the appointment of Mr. Punshon as their President, and the latter body, yielding to the wishes of their Canadian brethren, granted Mr. Punshon leave to go to Canada, with permission to remain, if desired to do so by the Canadian Conference. He arrived in Canada in June, 1868, and presided at the Annual Conference, held in the following month; and has since been re-elected every year to the Presidential chair. There was at one time a general belief that he would accept the pastorate of the new church being built on Magill Square, Toron-



THE REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, M. A., PRESIDENT WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.

parts to listen to his preaching. Subsequently he ministered in various parts of England, always attracting a large share of attention; and, in fact, doing much towards strengthening the Wesleyan body. He also visited London on several occasions, and there, as elsewhere, his addresses, whether from the pulpit or the platform, received very general and favourable notice. In 1858 he removed to London, where he published a small volume of poems, and also several lectures; among the latter, his lectures on "John Bunyan," and the "Huguenots,"

to, one of the largest and most elegant church edifices in Canada, and designed as the central church of the Wesleyan communion. In fact, we believe the building was undertaken mainly at his instance, and no doubt he will be invited to assume the charge of the congregation. Should he decide on remaining in Canada at the head of the large and influential body of Wesleyans, or even as pastor of one of their churches, the capital of Ontario is the most fitting place as the scene of his labours; and the church to which we have referred would, doubtless,

gather around his pulpit a congregation, little, if at all, inferior to any that his great zeal and eloquence could attract even in the metropolis of the empire itself.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, January 26th, 1871.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

The all-engrossing topic of conversation is still the war, and a rumour was circulated yesterday that Paris had at last capitulated, but it is not confirmed by to-day's telegrams. That the surrender of the French capital is indeed imminent is likely enough, and that overtures have been made by M. Favre, for a capitulation or peace, but Count Bismarck may, by the harshness of his terms, force the French yet to continue the bloody struggle. The feeling through England is one of sympathy with France and condemnation of the blood-thirsty Prussian Monarch—now Emperor of United Germany. At the outset of the campaign it may be said there was more of public sympathy with Berlin than Paris, but the general feeling has entirely changed. The future of Europe depends now upon the conditions of peace which may be dictated by the victorious Teuton, and politicians are anxiously watching for the event. General Trochu has resigned the command of the army, but, it is said, will continue to act as Governor of Paris. Gen. Chanzy, from whom many expected great achievements, has been defeated, and Bourbaki, whose commission extended to the raising of the siege of Belfort and the interruption of the invaders' communications with Germany, has failed, so that before this letter probably reaches you, Paris will have capitulated.

The *Globe* says, "that Paris having held out with unparalleled heroism during the tardy development of the many enterprises for her salvation, is now said to be negotiating for surrender. If this be the fact it is well. She gives the crucial proof to Europe that her prolonged resistance has not been born of a spirit of blind obstinacy, by compliance with the details of discretion in the midst of her courage, and refusing to perpetuate the struggle beyond its legitimate claims."

"It is, therefore, at once the policy and prudence of Paris to accept a defeat which she has no power to reverse. If it be true that Paris retires from the contest, she will do so with the respect of Europe, and, let us hope, the gratitude and confidence of France."

The *Times* says:—"The surrender of Paris is in itself an event of such enormous importance that it is difficult to bestow even a passing thought on its remote or immediate consequences. Still we believe it must occur to many as it occurs to ourselves, to look upon the fall of the capital as the actual end of the war."

Communications with Paris by "Balon Monté" and Carrier-pigeons are pretty regular. A Pigeon arrived the other day at Paris with despatches that, when printed, filled four newspaper columns, besides 15,000 messages for private individuals. These were of microscopic size put into a small quill and attached to the bird's feathers.

Next to the war, among some and with the fair sex, the chief topic of conversation is the coming marriage of Princess Louise. The probability at present is that the marriage will take place on March the 14th, though, possibly, it may be postponed till the following week. The preparations are going on at Windsor for the ceremony. The stone pavement of Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel which is now being converted into the Prince Consort's memorial Chapel, has been boarded, and is being carpeted by the Court upholsterer, after which it will be furnished as a retiring room for the ladies. The line of procession from Windsor Castle to the Chapel will be by Castle Hill to Castle Street, under Henry VIIIth gateway, passing by the newly-built Horse-shoe cloisters to the grand entrance of St. George's Chapel—the route taken on the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. After the ceremony the happy couple proceed to Claremont House, Esher. With regard to the dowry of the Princess Louise, there seems to be considerable discussion in some parts, and the representatives of the Boroughs for Chelsea, Chatham, Bradford and Halifax, have been asked by their constituents to vote against any allowance to the Princess on her marriage.

The *Echo* says:—"It is, therefore, with great surprise and much regret we observe that the approaching marriage of the Princess Louise, and the preliminary discussion, which must take place in the House about the dowry, are exciting a wholly new kind of popular feeling, and even a certain amount of harshness towards a member of the royal family, who has so many and such good claims to popularity and esteem."

It is questioned whether the Queen's consent to the present marriage is consistent and prudent, as it leaves the door open to the other unmarried members of the Royal Family. The *on dit* is that the Princess was in love with the Rev. Mr. Duckworth, private tutor to Prince Leopold, and for whom a curacy was found. The Queen, therefore, looked round for a suitable match for her daughter, and the names of Lord Cowper and the Marquis of Hartington were spoken of, but subsequently the Marquis of Lorne was chosen, and duly accepted. Such is court talk.

Whoever might have been selected there is sure to be some feelings of jealousy, and especially in Ireland. Therefore some Irish nobleman will have to be the Queen's next choice for the Princess Beatrice.

The Queen will open Parliament in person on the 9th day of February next, so it is now authoritatively stated. It will be a great disappointment to many if she does not, and even now it is whispered that she will appear in only demi-state. The address in reply to the Queen's speech will be moved in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Westminster, and seconded by the Earl of Roseberry. The Queen is now at Osborne, and will return to the Castle about the 3rd of February.

A rumour is current that the Duke of Cambridge is to supplant Earl Spencer in the Irish Viceregal throne. There is no doubt it would be a very polite move, and to-day's *Standard* has an editorial on the subject, stating that "If it were a mere question of selection, or even of fitting reward for faithful services, there could be no possible objection to His Royal Highness going to Ireland to represent Her Majesty, not as

"a Viceroy removable with the Cabinet, but as Regent, making the representation of the Sovereign a reality, instead of 'what it now is—a glittering sham.'"

Another of the old London landmarks will disappear in the course of the present week. Whitecross Street Prison, which has been tenanted since the Debtor's Act came into operation, will be sold in a few days for "Stock Bricks." Since my last visit to this great city, six years ago, I find wonderful improvements and changes. First and foremost is the extension of the "Metropolitan" or Underground Railway. It is most convenient, comfortable and economical. From Kensington, High street, one can travel to Moorgate street by first class and return for 8d.; second class 6d., and third class 4d. I find most people take the second class.

There has been published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co. a short pamphlet accredited to the Bishop of Peterboro, called "The Fight at Dame Europa's School," which is very good and very amusing.

The Christmas pantomimes at the different theatres are particularly good. The "Palace of Truth" at the Theatre Royal Haymarket; "Tom Littlemouse" at Astley's, and "The Sleeping Beauty" at Drury Lane, have been particularly successful. There is certainly no lack of amusements in this large city, and the admittance within the range of all.

Your issue of the 2nd of January, particularly the execution from Hoffman's painting of "Music," has been highly spoken of by connoisseurs to whom I have shown it, and pronounced very successful. I have no doubt it will have a large circulation in this country, where the rage just now for illustrated papers is at its heights. There is a penny illustrated paper published by Thos. Fox, 2 Chatham street, Strand, which has a large circulation, and is said to be controlled and owned by the proprietress of the *Illustrated London News*.

ICE-BOATS IN TORONTO BAY.

Among the winter amusements of the Western Capital that of sailing in an ice-boat occupies a prominent place. In the present issue we give a sketch from our special artist shewing a couple of ice-boats on the Toronto Bay. The ice-boat is in form of an Isosceles triangle, the base of which is in front, and to which two wrought-iron skates (firmly bedded in oak blocks) are fixed; the width of the front is about 12 feet, from the ends of which the two sides are fixed, which come to a point, about 13 feet on a perpendicular or centre piece, which is fixed to the front piece, in the centre, boarding extends from the sides over this centre piece, and is in space sufficient to accommodate seven or eight persons. The mast is firmly fixed in a block or hollow box, firmly bolted through the junction of the base and perpendiculars. The sail, as will be seen by the drawing, comes to a point about 8 feet forward of the mast; the dimensions of the sail are as follows:—After leach, 30 feet; yard, 35 feet; length of boom, 32 feet. The skates vary in size, but those most liked are about 18 inches long, 8 inches deep, and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. The front skates are ground, slightly curved fore and aft, with the side edge bevelled to the outside, so as to enable the boat to hold to the windward. The stern skate is firmly attached to an oak rudder post, which is placed perpendicularly through the stern, and reaches about a foot above the top deck. The tiller fits on top of the rudder post; the stern skate is ground straighter than the two in front, and bevelled at both sides to a point. The turn of the ice-boat is managed with this stern skate—the time taken in going about is not more than three seconds. The speed attained by these boats is very high, but commonly from forty-five to fifty miles per hour, with a beam wind or a little off; it has been doubted by theoretical men that these boats sail faster than the speed of the wind; but one fact is certain that when put before the wind the sail becomes a back sail, and the boat will scarcely move.

LABRADOR VIEWS.—Nos. 2 & 3.

We continue our sketches of Labrador scenery, giving in this issue a view of the mode of capturing the "puffing-pig," the smallest species of the whale family which, in the summer season, frequents the Labrador Coast, and is caught for the sake of the oil, the average production of which from each "pig" (Fr. *Pourel*) is about two and a half gallons. The inhabitants who engage in this compound of hunting and fishing use a bark canoe, and arm themselves with gun and harpoon. The sportive *Pourel* which, we are told, the Indians call by the euphonious title of Kuëkuëtis, is popped off by the hunter when he appears above the water, and the harpoon is made use of to secure the carcass.

The other view, that of seal hunting, exhibits a phase of Labrador industry of much greater commercial importance than that of catching puffing pigs. The seal fisheries are of great importance, yielding on an average about half a million of skins and three millions of gallons of oil. The manner of catching them as illustrated in this issue is that generally pursued by the inhabitants of the Magdalen Islands, who remain in their schooners until they find a large number of seals upon the ice, when they rush upon them suddenly, and not unfrequently despatch enough at a single attack to make a full cargo for their little craft.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM VISITING THE WOUNDED AT VERSAILLES.

In a recent number we published an illustration of the scene presented by the interior of the royal château at Versailles, now converted into a hospital for the reception of the German wounded. In the present issue we give an illustration showing the Emperor, accompanied by Gen. Von Roon, making his rounds among his wounded soldiers, and distributing the Iron Cross to those who had deserved it and were unable, on account of the injuries they had sustained, to attend the grand distributions on Place Louis XIV. The old Emperor passes from bed to bed with a few words of encouragement for each, inquiries after their health, thanks to those who have distinguished themselves by any deed of bravery, and a hearty pressure of the hand for all on leaving. By his kindness and his simple unaffected demeanour, and the impartiality he has shown to the natives of the various districts forming the great German Empire, the Emperor William has succeeded in winning the hearts of his soldiers far more than by his most brilliant successes in both war and diplomacy.

A young lady wrote some verses for a country weekly about her birthday, and headed it "May 30th." It almost made her hair gray when it appeared in print "My 3rdth."

"MON BRAVE."

(From the "Graphic.")

SEE PAGE 104

Brave one, who nobly fell,
I triumph while I grieve,
And love your honour far too well
To wish that you might live.

It is because I love
With love that's limitless,
My thoughts can poise themselves above
Love's common selfishness.

And grief must not appear
To sully with sad-breath—
Dear heart, but it is hard to bear!—
The glory of thy death.

Just, brave, and good, and true,
Pure heart, of spotless name,
I try to be as just as you,
And grudge you not your fame.

Yet if our best must die,
What is there left to save?
Why should the weak have victory,
The strong ones but a grave?

But from their graves they speak:
"This is our victory—
That we go down to save the weak
Who have not strength to die."

Yes, you have laurels won,
The cypress is my share,
But in my heart of hearts alone
The mourning sign I'll wear.

W. G.

"THE RIGHT KIND OF VALENTINE."

SEE PAGE 105.

They stood in the boudoir, sisters twain,
On the waning eve of St. Valentine's day;
Had they each a missive from some loved swain?
A cherished billet from him whom they,
In all the fondness of "love's young dream,"
Esteemed as the light of the sun's own beam?

Oh! something they had, though they'd fain not tell,
Yet each would the other's secret win;
And they fenced and bandied with words right well,
As if trained at the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn.
But never a whisper would one disclose
Till the other should also her treasure expose.

How foolish! Their squabble was long and warm,
To bamboozle each other they tried in vain,
Neither elder nor younger would yield the charm
To the other, who fain would its contents gain;
But both kept saying, with parrot-like zeal,
"Oh! tell me yours, and I'll mine reveal!"

So, two sister nations are wrangling now,
Over rights and privileges both might share;
She of the stars and stripes would show
Her strength and power o'er her sister fair;
But the latter, in conscious innocence stands,
Offering all that her sisterly love commands.

Let them both exchange; they have something to give
That to each other's children of value would prove,
The time-honoured maxim of "live and let live,"
Is the true one for all who would peacefully move
In the paths of progression and national life,
"Free trade" for "free fisheries" ending the strife!

ALPHA.

MONTREAL, Feb., 1871.

BEETHOVEN.

Ludwig van Beethoven was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn, on the Rhine. He belonged to a Dutch family, as is shown by the distinctive "van." His father, Theodore van Beethoven, was a native of Maestricht, who had emigrated to Germany, and, at the time of Ludwig's birth, held the position of tenor in the choir of the Elector of Cologne's chapel. At an early age his second son, Ludwig, evinced a strong inclination for music, and the father, hoping that his son might one day occupy his own position, or perhaps one even higher, placed him to study under Vander Eden, with whom he made such progress and evinced such decided taste for his studies, that he devoted himself almost entirely to the cultivation of what was an evident talent. Upon the death of Vander Eden Beethoven, at this time only twelve years of age, continued his studies under his successor, C. G. Neefe, directing his attention more particularly to the productions of Handel and J. S. Bach. At the age of twenty-three, having completed his preliminary education, young Beethoven proceeded to Vienna, where he devoted himself to the study of composition under Albrechtsberger. Shortly after this the deafness with which he had been troubled since his earliest boyhood, began to increase, interfering materially with the success of his studies, until at the age of twenty-eight he found himself (what sounds like a paradox) an accomplished musician and stone-deaf. In his will, dated 1802, his expression of wretchedness under this infliction became very strong. He says that his deafness caused him such anguish that he was often tempted to commit suicide, but that his art restrained him. Russell, in his "Tour in Germany in 1820-23," gives a graphic description of the appearance and habits of the great composer. He tells us that, "though not an old man (he was fifty at that time), he is lost to society on account of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits, gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent, his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes around a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. His general behaviour does not ill accord with this uncompromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of

hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure which society can give, and perhaps soured his temper. He has always a small paper book with him, and what conversation takes place is carried on in writing. In this too, although it is not lined, he instantly jot down any musical idea which strikes him." Mr. Russell heard him play and says that from his deafness, "when playing *piano* he often does not bring out a single note yet he hears it himself in the "mind's ear." While his eye and the almost imperceptible motion of his fingers show that he is following out the strain in his own soul through all its dying gradations, the instrument itself is actually as dumb as the musician is deaf."

Beethoven died on the 26th March, 1827, at the age of 57. His funeral took place on the 29th and was attended by a numerous body of literary men and musicians. He was buried in the churchyard of Friedhofe, two miles from Vienna, a favourite resort of his.

With regard to the character of Beethoven's music, Mr. Cramer says he was by no means a *finished* or very *delicate* player, but a giant in respect of command of ideas and energy of style. His extemporaneous playing was magnificent. His mind was powerful, inventive and original. In regularity of design and purity of harmonic combination he is inferior to Haydn and Mozart, and his compositions are pervaded with an enthusiastic spirit of inspiration, a wild and masculine energy relieved by touches of tender beauty and melancholy, which make his music analogous in character to the poetry of Dante. His deafness may account for the dryness and crudeness of many of his late works. As a rule his vocal compositions were not successful; the best of them are "Fidelio" and his *scena et aria*, "Ah! Perfido Spargiuro," and his canzonet "Adelaide," modelled on Haydn's "Oh, Tuneful Voice."

ON THE MAGOG RIVER.

The thriving town of Sherbrooke which skirts both banks of the Magog just before that stream falls into the St. Francis, is famous for its water-power, as well as for holding rank as the principal town in the Eastern Townships. To the numerous illustrations which we have already given of Eastern Township scenery, we this week add another, showing the Magog River above the Sherbrooke bridge.

PRESENTATION OF ROYAL PORTRAITS TO THE SIX NATIONS.

(From the Brantford Courier.)

GREAT GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE AND MANY VISITORS—A GRATIFYING AND SUCCESSFUL AFFAIR.

Upon the invitation of the Chiefs, we (the writer and another) undertook to drive to their Council House, on one of the coldest days of the season, but were most amply compensated, as on our arrival, we witnessed a most pleasing scene, the large hall being crowded with some hundreds of the fair and brave, all in their best attire, and the hall itself was most tastefully ornamented with wreaths of evergreen, deer heads, Indian weapons, &c.; the royal portraits on the wall, the Union Jack draped over them.

The arrangements were most perfect; the seats well filled, all waiting the arrival of the Visiting Superintendent, Mr. Gilkison, who drove up, accompanied by his daughter, and was received by a salute from the cannon.

On entering the hall, the Superintendent took the chair, and invited to the platform a number of guests, among whom we observed the Rev. Canon Nelles, Mr. Whiting, Dr. Dee, Mr. Downs, Mr. Short (of England), Mr. Andrews, Mr. Bunnell, Capt. McLean, Rev. Mr. Roberts, Chiefs King and Sawyer, of the Chippawas, Dr. Digby, Mr. Cleghorn, Dr. McCargow, Mr. A. Robertson, Mr. Tisdale, jr., &c., &c. The hall was graced by the presence of many ladies.

The proceedings were commenced by Chief John Buck, Fire-keeper of the Council, invoking the blessing of the Great Spirit, and declaring they were ready to hear. This handsome Chief speaks his native language with much fluency, and in a fine mellow voice.

The Superintendent, after announcing numerous letters of regret from prominent and distinguished gentlemen, unable to be present, called the Speaker of the Council, Chief John Smoke Johnson, to take the chair.

Chief G. H. M. Johnson acted as interpreter, with his usual ability and courtesy.

The Superintendent rose and addressed the Speaker, remarking that no event connected with the Six Nations interested him more than that which had brought them together that day. He would first refer to a fact which would be of interest to many, which was the general progress and prosperity of the Six Nations; the best evidence of such prosperity being their increase in population of 281 in eight years, and they now numbered over 2,900. They were thus not "dying out," as some uninformed asserted. He would not detail the record of these nations, for their deeds and history had done that; and his venerable friend, the Speaker, and a few others present, were living monuments of the gallantry of their race, by their good services in the war of 1812. It would be remembered that in their address to Prince Arthur they had asked for certain royal portraits, which request was most graciously complied with by that gallant Prince, who had previously conferred on them a high honour, in becoming a Chief of their ancient confederacy. As many present had not heard the reply of His Royal Highness to the address, and the letter of his Secretary in transmitting the portraits, he would again read them.

H. M. S. CROCODILE,
Quebec, July 6th, 1860.

Col. Elphinstone presents his compliments to Mr. Gilkison, and begs to inform him that the large parcel containing the address of the Six Nation Indians was opened this day by H. R. H. Prince Arthur. His Royal Highness desires Mr. Gilkison kindly to convey his sincere thanks to the Chiefs of the Six Nations, and through them to the tribes, for the very handsomely ornamented address. The very beautiful manner in which this address is ornamented has greatly charmed the Prince, who will retain it as a most interesting tribute of the loyal devotion of the tribes of which he has the honour of being one of the Chiefs. His intercourse with the Indians has been to him always most agreeable. He will bear away with him to England lively recollections of their devoted attach-

ment to the Queen, his gracious mother. He sincerely hopes that he will come again to Canada and renew his acquaintance with the Indian tribes.

OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT, ENG.,
August 5th, 1870.

SIR,—I am directed to inform you that lithographs of Her Majesty the Queen, of His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, and of His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, have been sent to you at the Indian Office, Brantford, for presentation to the Chief of the Six Nation Indians, to be placed, according to their request, in the Council House. I shall be glad to hear of their safe arrival.

I am, yours truly,
A. F. PICARD,
Lieutenant Royal Artillery.

It was now his most agreeable duty, in the name of His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, to present these portraits to the Six Nation Indians; and in doing so, he felt assured they would be joyfully received, taken care of, and handed down to their successors for all time to come.

Mr. Gilkison then requested Chief Johnson, the interpreter, to unveil the portraits, which act caused evident surprise and delight, followed by enthusiastic whoops and cheers, the band playing the National Anthem, a royal salute was fired, and the now excited audience sang "God Save the Queen." It was indeed a scene such as was never before witnessed among the Indian people.

After a pause the speaker rose, and at the conclusion of a loyal speech, warmly accepted, in behalf of his people, the gift of their Royal Prince and Chief, and desired that the Superintendent would please convey to His Royal Highness the grateful acknowledgments of the Six Nations, by whom the portraits will be ever cherished, and would always be in sight of their people, on the wall of the Council House.

Upon the call of the speaker, several gentlemen and Chiefs delivered interesting addresses.

The Rev. Canon Nelles, Chief and oldest missionary to the Indians, said it was with great pleasure he was present on so happy an occasion, to witness their loyalty to the Crown, so well appreciated in the portraits considerably given them by their Chief and Prince, and he was sure they would prize the gift presented to them.

Mr. Short, from London, England, rose in apparent surprise, but, however, spoke exceedingly well, and assured his Indian friends that he would take care to tell his many friends in England of what he had to-day enjoyed, of the loyalty of the Six Nations, and the progress they were making, as he had been present in their educational institution, and was much gratified. He hoped the royal portraits would long hang in their Council Chamber. Mr. Short's speech was received with much applause.

Mr. Cleghorn, an honorary Chief, bore testimony to the many improvements among the Six Nations. In alluding to their relations with the Crown, he said their services could not be forgotten, many of whom fought and bled in behalf of the Crown of England. He was pleased at being present with them this day, and rejoiced over the occasion, which was an important event in their history.

Chief John Buck, of the Onondagas, and a Fire-keeper (an ancient and hereditary office), spoke in most acceptable terms, saying they were all pleased to receive the portraits from Prince Arthur, who, he was sure, knew their loyalty could be depended upon, and that the Queen knew it. They had that feeling of loyalty from their fathers, who had died for the Crown, and he was glad their Queen, great and good mother, understood it. This was one of the greatest days in their history, and would long be remembered.

Chief Simcoe Kerr (a grandson of Brant) said he was proud to meet them that day, and behold their loyalty to the Queen. They could boast of what no other nation could, and that was an unbroken chain of friendship towards England for many years, through prosperity and adversity. The Six Nations had continued staunch allies to this day. They had assisted England to hold Canada on more than one occasion, and at a time, too, when her supremacy was in danger. Chief Kerr spoke at some length, with much animation and effect.

As it was becoming late, and dinner announced, the Superintendent addressed a few parting words, expressive of his great pleasure with the proceedings, which reflected much credit upon the Six Nations. He said that he had been associated with them for about nine years; that his sympathies were with them, and he rejoiced with them in the receipt of those royal portraits, which would always be pleasing to look at, and be a beacon, as it were, for them and their successors. Mr. Gilkison concluded with assuring his Indian friends that he would have great pleasure in reporting, for the information of His Royal Highness, the results of their meeting to-day.

The band played the National Anthem, when the Superintendent invited the guests to accompany him to a dining room—another room being for the Chiefs and people—in each of which a most excellent and abundant dinner was provided, and which surprised us and others. The excellent Indian Band was in attendance in the guests' room, and played during dinner. The Superintendent presided at one of the tables, and Chief Kerr at the other.

The interpreter proposed the health of the ladies, which was humbly responded to by Mr. Robertson, Manager Bank of British North America.

Mr. Gilkison took occasion to refer to the good dinner provided, which would have been creditable in Brantford or elsewhere, and to their fair friends of the Six Nations they were indebted, they had taken so much trouble, and were so attentive. He therefore had pleasure in proposing as a toast "The Ladies of the Six Nations," which was received with cheers.

With "God Save the Queen" from the band, the company dispersed, after a most pleasing and eventful day, which will not be forgotten by the Six Nations or their guests.

Count Moltke is about to be married for the second time, and Miss von Vincke Ollendorf is to be the Countess.

A correspondent writes from Versailles:—"There is no understanding the French people. Within a few miles of us they are making one of the most heroic defences recorded in history; not many leagues further they stampeded a day or two ago, singing "Mourir pour la patrie" as they ran; and here, within hearing of the guns that are hurling death and destruction among their countrymen, French men and women have started theatrical performances for the sole amusement of the Prussian officers."

VARIETIES.

They keep "Knew Syder Fur Sail" at a Texas grocery.

The last words of General Prim were "Viva el Rey." He had asked a friend in one of his moments of consciousness the day of the month. Being told it was the 30th, he said: "To-day the King will land, and I shall die. Viva el Rey." He never spoke afterwards. His widow has received an anonymous letter, presumably from her husband's assassins, in which they tell her they "are satisfied with their work, and intend to continue it."

GOING TO INDIA FOR MARRIAGE.—From a perusal of the lists of passengers taken from England to India per P. and O. steamers, says the *Court Journal*, we are in a position to make the assertion that, upon an average, twelve young ladies arrive in India weekly, or 48 during the month, consigned to various parts of Hindostan; and we are probably within the mark in saying that the annual importation of demoiselles cannot be much under the highly satisfactory figures of 350!

How to CHOOSE A PUPPY.—Montaigne says: "Sportsmen assure us that, in order to make choice of a puppy from among a number of others, it is better to leave the choice to the mother herself. In carrying them back to their bed, the first one she takes up will always be the best; if we pretend to set fire to the bed on all sides, then the one she will try to rescue first." We would suggest in regard to the latter paragraph, that whoever may test the accuracy of the sportsman's receipt, be careful not to set the bed-clothes on fire in trying the experiment.

A proclamation orders the issue from the Mint of a number of sovereigns of the following design:—On the obverse side the Queen's effigy, with the inscription "Victoria D. G. Britanniar: Reg.: F.D."; and for the reverse the image of St. George, armed, sitting on horseback, and attacking the dragon with a sword, his spear having been broken in the encounter. Each coin is to bear the date of the year, and to have a graining on the edge. A second proclamation gives currency to gold coins made at the Branch Mint at Sydney throughout the British possessions.

A good story is told of Dean Swift's parrot, which was a great pet with the whole family. One day Polly managed to open her cage, and get away, to the great consternation of the whole household. After a great search, some one found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple tree. The welcome news was communicated to the Dean, who, with the whole of the inmates, rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who, with some friends, was then on a visit to the Dean. Polly was found swinging on a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down at them and said: "Let us pray."

The new King of Spain is very democratic in his habits so far as he has shown them. He rises very early; and one morning, when his breakfast was not ready by seven o'clock, he went to the Hotel de Paris to get it. He retires to rest before eleven, and has the palace doors closed at twelve. He has sent away all the cannons and the bulk of the guards from the palace. He has also locked up many of the apartments, as he says he and his family have been accustomed to "live together." He will not have more than four courses at the Royal table. His chief delight seems to be going out with an adjutant or two, sometimes walking and sometimes riding, but always without an escort. When he rides it is either on horseback or in an open carriage with only two horses. He seems unaccustomed to display. He objects to having his hand kissed at receptions, and prefers it shaken.

When Mr. Dodge, electric physician, was lecturing through the States on the laws of health, he happened to meet, one morning, at the breakfast-table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class. Conversation turned on the doctor's favourite subject, as follows: "Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effect of tea and coffee?" "I don't know," said the son of Erin, "but I'd like to be there when you do it." "Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?" "Sure and I will, sir." "How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor. "Morning and night, sir." "Well, do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?" "Indeed I do." "And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes, in the morning?" "Troth, I do, sir." "Well," said the doctor, with an air of assurance and confidence in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee." "Is it, indeed? Faith I always thought it was the whiskey I drank."

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Feb. 6, 1871, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 31.....	18°	33°	35°
Wednesday, Feb. 1.....	30°	32°	30°
Thursday, " 2.....	32°	37°	35°
Friday, " 3.....	4°	9°	5°
Saturday, " 4.....	—14°	—8°	—12°
Sunday, " 5.....	—17°	—12°	—14°
Monday, " 6.....	—2°	2°	5°
	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Tuesday, Jan. 31.....	36°	12°	24°
Wednesday, Feb. 1.....	34°	25°	29° 5
Thursday, " 2.....	37°	24°	30° 5
Friday, " 3.....	12°	—1°	5°
Saturday, " 4.....	5°	—15°	—5°
Sunday, " 5.....	—10°	—24°	—17°
Monday, " 6.....	7°	—14°	—8°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 31.....	30.05	29.88	29.70
Wednesday, Feb. 1.....	30.16	30.18	30.29
Thursday, " 2.....	29.96	29.90	29.66
Friday, " 3.....	29.83	29.65	29.52
Saturday, " 4.....	30.04	30.09	30.21
Sunday, " 5.....	30.32	30.30	30.30
Monday, " 6.....	30.37	30.46	30.48



ICE BOATS ON THE BAY, TORONTO. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.



VIEW ON THE MAGOG RIVER, SHERBROOKE. FROM A SKETCH BY DR. BOMPAS.



KING WILLIAM VISITING THE WOUNDED IN THE VERSAILLES GALLERIES.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
FEBRUARY 25, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Feb. 19.— <i>Quinquagesima Sunday</i> . Bread riots in Liverpool, 1855. Sir Wm. Napier died, 1860.
MONDAY,	" 20.—Voltaire born, 1694. Tythes abolished in Upper Canada, 1823. Joseph Hume died, 1855. Princess Louise of Wales born, 1867.
TUESDAY,	" 21.— <i>Shrove Tuesday</i> . Rev. Robert Hall died, 1831.
WEDNESDAY,	" 22.— <i>Ash Wednesday</i> . Washington born, 1731. Sydney Smith died, 1847.
THURSDAY,	" 23.—Sir Joshua Reynolds died, 1792. Louis Philippe abdicated, 1848. Source of the Nile discovered, 1863.
FRIDAY,	" 24.— <i>St. Matthias, Ap. & M.</i> Handel born, 1684.
SATURDAY,	" 25.—Sir Christopher Wren died, 1723. Earl Derby resigned the Premiership, 1868.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

SURELY those of the morning journals which attribute to Col. Wolseley the authorship of "The Narrative of the Red River Expedition," published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, do that gallant officer rank injustice. Col. Wolseley could scarcely have been guilty of such a venomous and unfair attack upon the people of Canada as that which the first part of the so-called "Narrative" contains. Though the article is credited to "an officer of the expeditionary force," it does not follow that the Commander-in-chief of that force would stain his well-won laurels by the publication of a paper so full of mis-statements, so little creditable to the political knowledge of its author, and so well calculated to stir up feelings of resentment against him. In fact, it is rare, if ever before, that *Blackwood* has soiled its pages with such an unworthy production, whose tendency can only be to weaken those ties between the Empire and its Colonial possessions, that every loyal and patriotic man desires to see strengthened. We feel disposed, therefore, to credit the authorship of the "Narrative" to some "haw-haw" young cockney whose ignorance furnishes, to wiser and more experienced heads, an excuse for his impertinence.

But the "Narrative" remains, apart from the question of authorship, and to its merits or demerits—considering the honourable place it has secured in the serial literature of the day—we desire to direct attention. In the first place, the writer was apparently utterly ignorant of the recorded explorations of Sir Alexander McKenzie, and of many who succeeded him, Englishmen and others of repute, that were not by any means "officers on leave," as the "Narrative" man asserts, yet who fully described the vastness and partial fertility of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories. Secondly, he mistakes the Canadian exploring party sent out some twelve or fourteen years ago to "prospect" a route through British territory to the Pacific Ocean, for an exploring expedition to report "fully upon the resources of the North-West Territory;" and thirdly, he makes no mention of the valuable, accurate, and very full information gathered by a Committee of the British House of Commons as to the character, climate, and capacity of the region of which he speaks so glibly. These initiatory marks of historical ignorance ought to damage the credibility of the whole "Narrative;" but the writer diverges even further from the truth when he comes to speak of events not yet a twelve-month old. The reflections on the Hudson's Bay Company and the peculiar manner in which the race of "half breeds" came to infest the country may be passed over; they show at least the creative power of the writer who, when he wants a fact, can make one. Another curious phase of the article needs only to be mentioned: the "French Canadian priests and Jesuit Missionaries from France," we are told, "built up a considerable following amongst the families of a mixed origin." This point, we think, really needs elucidation. Will the "officer" tell us what peculiar circumstance favours priestly influence in "families of a mixed origin?" We never heard, except from this "officer," that crossing the breed was a favourable means for propagating Popery. The historical fact is, as all intelligent and unprejudiced people know, that the Catholic Priest in the North-West, as in other parts of the world, went with his people; that where their business took them his duty compelled him to follow. And in this devotion to their flocks, though the Catholic Priests have earned distinction they have by no means a monopoly of honour. The Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, and the Methodist Missionary have penetrated to the utmost wilds of that vast region, and to one of the latter (Rev. Mr. Hurlburt) we are indebted for far more information about the North-

West than the "Officer of the Expeditionary force" ever possessed in his life—unless he has made shameful concealment of his knowledge.

The "officer's" amusing statement that in "about equal numbers" the "smaller half" ruled the whole country, is eminently suggestive of Sir Boyle Roche, and the palmiest days of Irish bulls. He gravely explains that this "smaller half" by "acting and voting as a unit, under the direction of a wily Bishop, backed up by a well disciplined staff of obedient priests, maintained an unquestioned supremacy." Yet further on he declares that "the previous political history of the country was curious, from the fact of there never having been any active Government whatever." Now, to what purpose could the Catholics have "voted" when there was no legislature to elect? No Ministry or Government to control? The statement is absurd, but it shows the crass ignorance of the writer, as it exposes his daring presumption upon the want of acumen, or even ordinary intelligence, on the part of his readers. Two conditions are given that his conclusion may be reached, yet one of them is absolutely nugatory of the other, and both necessary to produce the desired impression! This alone shows the worthlessness of the political portion of the "Narrative," as well as from what a height "Blackwood" has fallen, for not in the palmy days of its well earned popularity would such self-contradiction have been allowed to sully its high fame.

As a specimen of the supercilious style of our "officer" critic, we quote the following:—"A Mr. William McDougall had been selected by the Dominion Ministry to be Lieutenant-Governor of the newly-acquired province. It was a most injudicious appointment, as every one who knew that gentleman was perfectly aware at the time." This from an Imperial military officer is a piece of cool impertinence indeed. "A Mr. William McDougall" was a well known Minister of the Crown in Canada; he had been frequently in England for the adjustment of Colonial and Imperial questions; he had sat in the London Conference at which was framed the British North America Act; he had received from Her Majesty for that and other important services the decoration of the Companionship of the Bath; he had accompanied Sir George Cartier to London in 1868, and with him, completed the arrangements for the transfer of the North-West. Yet our "officer" speaks of him as "A" Mr. William McDougall! If the writer in "Blackwood" desired to be insulting he, of course, selected the correct style; but if, as in charity we are bound to believe, he knew no better, then there is here another lamentable specimen of ignorance, showing with how little information are some English magazine writers endowed. There is yet no evidence to show that Mr. McDougall's appointment was more "injudicious" than would have been that of any other public man at the time. It was said that the Indians had a personal objection to him, which was shared in by the French; but nobody believes that he was, personally, the cause of the difficulty. In fact, our "officer" gives so many other causes for the Winnipeg troubles, that one is quite surprised he should have thought it necessary to blame the Government of Canada for the selection of the first Lieutenant-Governor; and it may be that some are uncharitable enough to imagine that his real grievance consists in the fact that the second appointment was not altogether to his liking. Mr. McDougall perpetrated a grave indiscretion in anticipating Imperial action by the issue of his ill-starred proclamation; and for that individual act, performed without the knowledge or consent of the Dominion Government, he has suffered a severe, but wholly self-earned penalty. Beyond that single act there is no reproach to him, nor ought there to be any to the Government, which in good faith, and as a well-deserved reward for acknowledged services, appointed him as first Governor of a territory for the acquisition of which he had so earnestly and successfully laboured. To bring his appointment down to the level of a mere political exigency, as the writer of the "Narrative" does, is to cast a foul stain upon the honour of Sir John A. Macdonald, the only Canadian statesman for whom he has a respectful word to say. The whole rigmarole in the "Narrative" on the party composition of the Canadian Ministry is drawn from the narrowest of Canadian partizan sources, and even if true (which it is not), would have been unworthy a place in any decent account of events that took their rise from causes entirely disconnected with political divisions existing in the old Provinces. But the *animus* of the "officer" (all honour to his epaulets!) is still further displayed when, after his tiresome explanation about Conservative, Reform, and Coalition, he declares that "Party politics in Canada must first be attended to; they were of all absorbing importance; and the North-West and its new Lieutenant-Governor must settle their affairs between themselves." Against this wholesale attack upon the Canadian Government, and especially upon Sir John A.

Macdonald and His Excellency the Governor-General, we have simply to point to the correspondence "presented to both Houses of (the Imperial) Parliament by command of Her Majesty, August, 1870." Had this "officer," who wears Her Majesty's uniform, and whose precious article appeared in December, taken the trouble to refer to Parliamentary papers published three or four months before, he would have seen how far he had wandered from the record.

Space will not permit us to deal fully with this foul slander upon our Dominion, published at the very heart of Empire, where every true Canadian desires that his country's honour should stand high. But we may, for the amusement of those of our readers who have not seen the article, quote the following. Speaking of the excitement in Canada consequent upon the murder of poor Scott, the "officer" says: "The national antipathy between the English and French races, stronger in Canada than it has ever been at home, and the intense hatred which Orangemen, Low Churchmen, Presbyterians, and *Sec-tarians generally* entertain for Popery, were acted upon." Verily, this certificate of character places the Protestants of Canada under singular obligation to our "officer" friend! The whole Protestant body, save perhaps some "High" Churchmen not named, are complimented for their "intense hatred" of Popery; the "antipathy" between French and English is also "stronger" than at home—and all this in a country where Frenchman and Briton, old countryman and Canadian, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Free Thinker, live together on the most amicable terms! We have not been blessed in Canada lately with "Murphy riots;" the pailings of our public parks do not fall before the mob; our Church benefices, our Civil Service appointments, and the few commissions created by our scanty militia establishment, are not put up for sale. But "at home," where Canadians are sneered at, such things take place without even calling up a blush.

One other compliment for Canada we shall quote, and for the present dismiss the "officer of the expeditionary force." He says: "In England we are prone to grumble at the misdeeds of Downing Street; but only purity and virtue emanates (*sic*) from that dingy locality when a comparison is instituted between the political morality of England and that of Canada; and the latter is in its turn little short of perfection when judged side by side with the corruption pervading every department of political and municipal government in the United States."

A very Daniel come to judgment!—There are other statements in the "Narrative," most of them happily of a less personal kind, to which we shall refer in another issue.

FIRE ESCAPES.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

SIR,—Your illustration of the terrible conflagration in Notre Dame Street was more than vivid, it was startling, and conveyed a grave lesson to the community. And yet it would seem to be almost cruel to excite such lively sympathies without doing our best to provide an outlet for their manifestation. It may not be generally known that the descent from a second story window can be made just as safe to the inmates of a burning dwelling, as the passage along the sidewalks of a city to pedestrians. When this shall be fully understood, I think the least the worthy authorities of the city of Montreal could do would be to bring into immediate action the noble system of Fire Escapes, which has been now so long established in London and other great cities of the old world.

Our Editors, we must acknowledge, are generally first in the field of attention and remedy. When they are allowed to be the last also, it is a thing to be lamented. Action, then, is the word in the present case.

Yours,

PRO VITA HUMANA.

LITERARY NOTICES.

DOMINION DIRECTORY, 1871: John Lovell, Montreal.

We have received from the publisher a copy of this truly stupendous work, and from a cursory glance we can see that it is fully all that it was promised to be. On another occasion we shall speak more fully of its merits, and of the enterprise, capital, and skill requisite to its production. In the meantime, we hope that every business man throughout the Provinces will feel it his duty, as it undoubtedly will be to his advantage, to procure a copy.

QUEBEC PROVINCIAL DIRECTORY, 1871: John Lovell, Montreal.

This is one of the six Provincial Directories just issued by Mr. Lovell, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland being included as well as the four Provinces at first constituting the Dominion. The information is most complete, every city, town, village and hamlet being given, with the names of the professional and business men, principal inhabitants, &c., as

well as distances and fares to and from other points. Those whose taste or business associations do not demand the Dominion Directory, will find these Provincial Directories most convenient for reference.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

The disunion produced between the governments of Paris and Bordeaux by Gambetta's decree relative to electoral disabilities, has been happily removed by the bold move made by Favre, who was at the time in communication with Bismarck, and had intimated to him his intention of arresting Gambetta if it should prove necessary. Favre's boldness and presence of mind have probably saved France from a repetition of the miseries under which she has been suffering for the last six months. Upon the receipt of Gambetta's second decree confirming the first, the Paris members immediately proceeded to Bordeaux, where they promulgated a decree annulling Gambetta's decree as incompatible with the principles of universal suffrage, and maintaining the Paris decree of the 29th of January. The result of this stroke was to place Gambetta in a minority, and thus force him to resign. He is now succeeded in the Ministry of the Interior by Emmanuel Arago. Gambetta's resignation, it is believed, indicates the abandonment of all hopes of a republic, and makes the restoration of the empire or of the Orleanist dynasty almost certain.

The result of the elections, which were held on the 8th ult., points in the same direction. In every department, with the exception of three or four, the Monarchists have carried the day. Those of Charente Inférieure, Yonne, Hautes Alpes, as well as the cities of Brest, Havre, Dijon and Toulon are mentioned as having returned Republican candidates. Finistère returned Gens. Trochu and Lefé, Somme sent Changarnier and Faidherbe; in the Nord the monarchical candidates polled 195,000, and the Republicans 47,000 votes. Thiers has been elected by eighteen departments, Trochu by seven, Changarnier by four, Gambetta by three, and Jules Favre by two. The Orleanist interest is said to be strong throughout the country, and it is stated that the partisans of the Count de Paris expect to see him crowned within a few weeks. In Paris the election passed off quietly, with the exception of excited discussions among groups in the avenues. Extra precautions had been taken to prevent riots. The 12,000 regulars first allowed to retain their arms for the protection of the city were increased in number by permission of the Germans to 25,000. The tickets of the candidates were mixed and their political character confused. The Conservative element was surprisingly strong. The following were doubtless elected: Blanc, Rochefort, Brisson, Delescluse, Flourens, Rollin, Dorian, Juvenet, and Valant. A despatch from Paris says that two hundred candidates for the Assembly were balloted for at the elections in that city, and that the counting of voices is, therefore, necessary, and very slow. It was thought that the votes are so scattered among the various candidates that the delegation from the capital is not full, and that a second election will have to be held.

On the 13th the members of the new National Assembly took their seats. No business of any importance was transacted, the meeting being merely preparatory. The rules and internal arrangements of the Assembly of 1849 were adopted. The President read a letter from Garibaldi, in which the General declined the seat in the Assembly offered him by several Departments. Jules Favre, for himself, and in the name of colleagues at Bordeaux and Paris, resigned the powers conferred to them as the Government of the National Defence. He stated that the Ministers would remain in office to maintain order until the constitution of a new Government.

It is rumoured that the duration of the armistice will be extended in order to allow the Assembly time to perfect the work of restoration. A despatch from Berlin states that peace is confidently expected, but military preparations still continue. All the troops before Paris have been reinforced to their utmost war strength, and newly uniformed. If the terms of peace determined upon by Bismarck, and confidentially communicated to Favre are not agreed upon by the Assembly, hostilities will be renewed immediately upon the expiration of the armistice. A vigorous procedure will be adopted with Paris in the matter of securing pledges for the war indemnity, which, it is believed, will be fixed at, at least, 4,000,000,000 francs. Should peace be proclaimed, all the landwehr regiments, the infantry reserve, cavalry, and artillery will be immediately sent home and broken up. The troops of the line will remain in the annexed provinces and such parts of France as will be retained till the war indemnity is paid.

In the provinces the Prussians are still at their favourite work of levying contributions. A contribution of a million francs has been imposed on the town of Dieppe, and twenty-two thousand francs on each of the adjacent villages, all of which were to have been paid before the 14th. The authorities are unable to comply with the demand, having paid large amounts upon previous contributions. The department of the Seine Inférieure is said to have already paid 25,000,000 francs to the Germans; 100,000 francs have been exacted from the inhabitants of St. Germain, and a quarter of a million from those of Lillebonne in the department of the Seine Inférieure. Hostilities still continue in the departments of Jura and Doubs, the French refusing to accept the armistice. It is also said that the Prussians have sent an army-corps south, intending to carry Belfort by assault.

The revictualling of Paris is proceeding well, but the organization is said to be wretched. The crowds at the butchers' and bakers' shops are as large as usual and the bread is worse than ever. There is great difficulty in distributing rations. The poorer districts are suffering badly, and there is terrible mortality among children. Many respectable people are making efforts to leave, dreading the renewal of the war which will bring on worse horrors than ever.

A special from Versailles to the London *Telegraph* says that the German army will make a triumphant entry into Paris on the 19th. The Emperor will proceed to the Tuileries, and after partaking of lunch will review the army from that building. In case the Tuileries should not be in proper condition for the reception of the Emperor, he will occupy the palace Elysée. The Emperor will return to Berlin on the last of February.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon, from his retreat at Wilhelmshöhe, has issued a proclamation to the electors of France, in which he protests against committing the destinies of France to an unauthorized Government, and pronounces all the acts of the

Provisional Government illegitimate, until the voice of the people has constituted it or has expressed the wishes of the nation as to the ruler and the form of Government to be constituted for France. He disclaims personal ambition, though he holds that the Empire thrice acclaimed by the people, is the only Government which can heal the wounds of France.

"ON THE WING."

(By our Special Correspondent.)

TORONTO.

Toronto, geographically, is situated in lat. 43° 39' 24" north, and long. 79° 21' 30" west; historically, it was founded in 1783; commercially, it is the chief city of the Province of Ontario; politically, it is the seat of Government; artistically, it is subdued, flat, and unpicturesque; architecturally, it is neat, chaste, and decidedly various in style; to the surveyor's eye it presents the form of a parallelogram, the streets intersecting each other at right angles; the country outside the limits through which we passed seemed rich, and the inhabitants prosperous. There are many public buildings of a decidedly pretentious character, and manifesting not only richness in design, but liberality in their execution. The University College is a noble pile, in the midst of the Queen's Park. But we are not writing a Guide for the paper, so we shall enter into no elaborate description of the various public buildings. There is, however, one building which has just been completed which is worthy of notice. We have had an opportunity of seeing the

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

and noting it in all its details, and it is really an ornament, not only to Toronto, but to the Dominion.

It is an example of the French style of architecture which our English readers may have observed has been adopted by the Marquis of Westminster in those splendid buildings erected by him between Hyde Park corner and the Grosvenor Hotel, in London.

Red brick is the material used in the walls, which is relieved by Ohio stone dressings, with galvanised iron strings and cornices painted and sanded to imitate stone. The architect states that the iron is better adapted to withstand the climate, and is more economical. He says, in speaking of the building:—

"Effect was sought to be obtained by grouping, by large simple treatment of the openings, and by contrast of colours rather than by elaborateness of details."

The sloping sides of the roof are very steep, and covered with Melbourne slate. There is a tower in the centre rising to the height of 70 feet, surmounted with a handsome Gothic railing and a flag-staff. The extreme length, including kitchen wing, is 188 feet.

Covering the main entrance is a carriage porch, resting on clusters of Corinthian columns. The main hall is roomy, and laid with encaustic tiles of rich design. The main stair is broad, and lighted by windows of stained glass that are really magnificent, not only in design, but in harmonious colouring, clearness, and execution. On the main floor, on the north side, the official rooms and State dining-room are situated, the dining-room is 40 by 23 feet, and will seat 34 persons. This room exemplifies good taste in the treatment of its decorations. On the southerly side are the ladies' morning room, the drawing room, and the private dining-room. The furniture of these rooms is such as befits the mansion of a person of taste and refinement; there is no attempt at ostentatious display, there is richness governed by judicious quietude. Blue is the pervading hue, and admirably tones the whole surroundings. These rooms lead into the conservatory, which is a cosy and delightful place, musical with warbling songsters suspended in their cages, and plants and flowers that scatter their fragrance round.

"Eternal spring, with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
The tuberose ever breathes, and violets blow."

And when the fountain is finished, the showers of dewdrops falling will sound like angel's feet upon the floor. Emerging from the conservatory, you enter the vinery, where the Moselle and the Black Hamburg will soon hang in luscious ripeness from the vines. Then retrace your steps and you find yourself in the ball-room.

Our readers may have an illustration of this room alive with the beauty of Toronto in an early issue, as it is the intention of the lady who graces this mansion to assemble around her the intellect, the wealth and the loveliness of this fair city on or about the 15th instant. There would have been a grand ball, and the invitations had already been issued, when mourning clouded the House for a time. There will be, however, we are assured, a scene fit for an artist, when lights gleam, apartments open one upon the other, music floats through the air, light feet go moving round joyously in swaying motion, handsome dames in satin and velvet whose youthful hearts defy old time, and joyous girls chat merrily to eager listening black-coated bipeds of our own sex.

There are roomy suites of apartments on the second floor, with every convenience for residents, guests, and servants.

The grounds around the House are extensive, and are being laid out and improved according to the most modern plan of gardening; roads are being made, shrubberies planted, and a few seasons will make them enjoyable and ornamental. The cost of the establishment, exclusive of the ground, has been \$107,000. What is now required, in our opinion, is an appropriation of at least \$10,000 for art decorations. A few paintings and some statuary by native artists representing scenes or ideas illustrative of the Province, would be a contribution not only to the mansion, but it would be creditable to the liberality and taste of the representatives who have the power to grant the funds for such a purpose. A few figures in marble of an Indian, a trapper, a lumberer, and a hunter would add much to the adornment of such a palatial building, while some of our native scenery transferred to the canvass by artists selected by the Commissioner of Public Works would give a complete finish to an otherwise admirable but rather empty appearing establishment. Articles of *virtu* are the evidences of a refined and progressive people in the march of civilization.

As for the salary, \$2,000 a year, it is simply ridiculous to suppose that any man, unless he has a large private fortune, could maintain such an establishment with satisfaction to himself or to his guests. It is like the present of the white elephant—a costly gift glad to receive for a time, but still

gladder to be rid of to the next recipient. £5,000 is the lowest sum which could maintain such an establishment. Table, servants, and horses, with the grounds, conservatory and graperies, would absorb that amount if legitimately expended. However bitter political strife may be, the dignity and hospitality of the Government should be maintained.

THE HOUSE.

The members of the House are of various degrees of intellectual calibre; some are rhetorical, others heavy, some monotonous, and more calm and unsuggestive of any particular characteristic except uniform voting. There are a few good heads, possessing physiognomies that would attract attention in any assemblage. Hon. J. S. Macdonald is one. Thin, tall, wiry, and elastic in figure, electric in manner; his face is indicative of great nervous power and untiring purpose. He is courteous in bearing, quick in retort, and genial in his Ministerial announcements. Hon. John Carling possesses physical strength and a well proportioned body, a capital head and a thoroughly good-natured face. His amiability oozes out at every pore; he speaks clearly and well; his manner and manner are admirable. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. Blake, is a man of thorough power, his manner and bearing is earnest and dignified, and he argues with clearness and decisiveness: at times he is bold and defiant in manner, language, and gesticulation.

We have not space or time to touch upon any other as our visit was necessarily brief; we noticed that some of the members indulged in that unmannerly habit copied from the English House of Commons, of wearing their hats: In walled apartments and in the presence of ladies, it is not Chesterfieldian to indulge in this habit. In the course of a month our readers will have an opportunity of studying the faces of the men who represent them in the Parliament halls of Ontario, as there will be a portrait picture of the combined Assembly inserted with brief biographical sketches.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

It was in the drawing-room of the Rossin House we met Professor Goldwin Smith, and here we had that extreme pleasure which is ever extended to men when associating with the great of the time afforded us; of hearing his opinion of men and nations. Among living American orators he placed Wendell Phillips far and beyond all, he considered his oratory finished and faultless, his extreme opinions he did not share, but for his oratorical power he had a profound admiration. Edward Everett he considered an actor, every expression and every gesture was the result of long study and preparation, the matter was good, the delivery artistic, but you felt there was no heart, no electric power. He touched on the resolutions lately passed by Congress in reference to the Fenians, and considered it an open-handed insult to England, sensibly suggesting what would the United States Government have said if Parliament had welcomed Jefferson Davis or General Beauregard.

Of English orators he placed John Bright first, as one who hurled out his strongest sentences in honest Anglo-Saxon. Speaking of historians he gave Motley a high place. Froude he considered brilliant and fascinating, but as evincing great partizanship, and sometimes he was untruthful. In speaking of the present war he expressed great sympathy for France in her distress, but looked forward with anxiety to her future, believing that no Government that was compelled to ask the people to submit to the German exactions could ultimately remain in power. Von Moltke he looked upon as a General unexampled in history; his plans had been perfect, their carrying out complete.

Professor Smith is an Englishman, thorough and entirely so; his residence in the United States has not changed his opinions one iota, no one can enter his presence or be in his company without becoming convinced that he is a man of great deliberateness of purpose, the expression of his face shows it, his utterance and his whole manner. There is a calm, self-convinced tone in his conversation that carries an honest belief with it. It was a source of great regret that our departure prevented us hearing him in the lecture-room, but the interview, short as it was, will be remembered and cherished amid the gallery of golden things we have stored away for later-day study.

A. R.

The Very Rev. Vicar-General Taschereau has been appointed Archbishop of Quebec.

The Legislature of Manitoba will meet for the despatch of business in the early part of next month.

Hon. Louis Panet, of Quebec, has been called to the Senate in the place of Hon. J. Duchesnay, resigned.

The Dominion Parliament was opened on Wednesday last by His Excellency the Governor-General. The session is expected to be a short one.

Sir John Rose is reported to have declined, on account of private business, to act on the Joint High Commission appointed to settle questions in dispute between Great Britain and the United States. His place will be filled by an English nobleman of high rank. The other British Commissioners are Earl de Grey, Lord Tenterden, Mr. Montague Bernard, Q. C., and our Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B.

A PARSEE PEABODY.—The *Times of India*, while incidentally mentioning that the public subscriptions of Bombay to the Fund for the relief of the Wounded in the present war amounted to 30,275 rs., including over 9,000 rs. collected by the German Consul, but exclusive of the French collections, draws attention to the very large sums of money contributed to charitable purposes during the last two years by Mr. Cowasjee Jehangir Readymoney, C. S. I., who, besides, remitted £1,000 net to the London fund in September last. Independently of minor benefactions, amounting to several thousands of pounds, and of a donation of £20,000 to the Financial Association of India and China, Mr. Cowasjee, within the space of a few years, subscribed the following sums:—Surat Hospital, 72,000 rs.; Ophthalmic Hospital (entire cost), 1,12,000 rs.; Elphinstone College Building, 2,00,000 rs.; Poona Engineering College, 50,000 rs.; Portuguese College Tower, 5,000 rs.; Kupperwunj Clock Tower, 2,000 rs.; St. Thomas's Cathedral Fountain, 13,700 rs.; Regent's Park Fountain, 13,500 rs.; Bombay Street Drinking Fountain, 22,000 rs.; Pillar in Colaba Church (as Cabul massacre memorial), 7,500 rs.; Lunatic Asylum, Hyderabad, Scinde, 50,000 rs.; University Hall, 10,000 rs.; Victoria Museum, 2,500 rs.



"MON BRAVE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. HENNESSY IN THE LONDON EXHIBITION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED PEASANTRY OF FRANCE.



THE RIGHT KIND OF VALENTINE. BY OUR ARTIST.

DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

The hearth of home is beaming
With rays of rosy light;
And lovely eyes are gleaming,
As falls the shades of night;
And while thy steps are leaving
The circles pure and bright,
A tender voice, half grieving,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest
Is busy, brave, and wide;
The world of her thou lovest
Is at the ingle side;
She waits for thy warm greeting;
Thy smile is her delight;
Her gentle voice entreating,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world, cold and inhuman,
Will spurn thee if thou fall;
The love of one poor woman
Outlasts and shames them all;
Thy children cling around thee,
Let fate be dark or bright;
At home no shaft will wound thee;
Then "Don't stay late to-night."

SCIENCE AND ART.

Mr. Yvon, the French painter of battle-scenes, has determined to take up his residence in this country permanently. He says that there will be no demand for art in France for many a year to come.

The curious fact, that a needle or other steel wire inserted in a living body will immediately become oxidized, while, if the body be dead, no oxidation will take place, was recently brought to light by Dr. Laborde, of Paris. This is a simple test as to whether death has taken place, and will be available in cases of trance or catalepsy.

ILL EFFECTS OF HYDRATE OF CHLORAL.—Certain ugly facts concerning the fashionable sedative, hydrate of chloral, will probably diminish the frequency of its use. We have the high authority of Dr. Habershon for the statement that its action on the pneumo-gastric nerve produces bronchial and pulmonary congestion. A fatal case recently happened in Guy's Hospital, London. Another English physician, Dr. Shettle, of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, stated, in his recent lecture to the Reading Pathologic Society, that formate of soda is frequently produced in the blood by the use of chloral, and that, from its tendency to decompose the blood, it will render hemorrhage very dangerous. Obstetric practitioners will not fail to notice the last fact. As a hypnotic, there is much to be said in its favour. It is powerful and safe, equalling opium in its pain-relieving power. But like all anesthetics, the continued use of it is sure to be hurtful; and if it aid congestion it were better for a patient to suffer weeks of sleeplessness than to habituate himself to its use.

A NEW METAL.—The *Scientific Press* says:—"We have been shown a pamphlet (a reprint from the *Journal für Praktische Chemie*) concerning the occurrence of amorphous sulphide of quicksilver in nature, written by Dr. Gideon E. Moore, who will be remembered by many of our readers here and in Washoe. As far back as 1853, Prof. Whitney noticed, at the Redington Mine, Lake County, a black mercury mineral, which was thought to be an isomorphous mixture of sulphide and selenide of quicksilver analogous to onofrite. Dr. Moore has analyzed the mineral, and comes to the conclusion that it is black sulphide of quicksilver which has never been known before except as a product of the laboratory. The following comparison of the red sulphide (cinnabar) with the black will show the chief points of difference: Red,—crystallized or crystalline, perfect cleavage, diamantine lustre inclining to metallic in dark-coloured varieties, cochineal-red colour, scarlet-red streak, $G = 8.1$. Black,—always amorphous, no cleavage, metallic lustre, grayish-black colour, black streak, $G = 7.7$.

The characteristics corresponding so well with the amorphous sulphide of the laboratory, Dr. Moore has ventured to consider it a new species (as in the case of graphite and diamond), and names it metacinnabarite. It occurs in considerable quantities in the Redington Mine, generally on iron pyrites, and with small cinnabar crystals on it. The Doctor presents the following theory of its formation:

The pyrites were evidently first deposited, perhaps from solution, for they form a layer on which the mineral rests. Mercury vapors entering a cold chamber, thus lined, condense not to the red, but to the black modification, as shown by Fuchs' method for preparing this artificially. When the temperature is raised, the red modification commences to form, and so we find the cinnabar crystals on our black metacinnabarite."

ON BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—An able paper was read the other day at the Russell Institution, London, Eng., by Captain Duncan, R. A., "On Canada, or British North America." The views advocated were mainly that Canada, with its area of three millions of square miles, and its population of four millions, is the most important colony of the empire, and likely to become the highway to the East, on the completion of the new and projected line of railway to British Columbia, in lieu of the present route by the Grand Trunk, so exposed to hostile attack; that the severance of the colonies would be fatal to the interests of the British Empire, and that Canada is all important, in view of any misunderstanding with the United States, and should, therefore, be aided and protected to the uttermost by the mother country, as an essential foothold on the American continent in the event of war. The mode proposed for her defence would be by fortifying the chief towns, and maintaining efficient gun-boats on the St. Lawrence and the lakes, the country keeping on foot the establishment necessary for a contingent of 200,000 fighting men. Military colonisation to be the basis of such a population; Government sending out discharged soldiers, with good-conduct certificates, and the Dominion making free grants of land on condition of their cultivating and residing on the same, with liability to service in defence of the country. Encouragement should be held out to retired army officers to settle and take commands, and free passages and land grants made as rewards to soldiers after a certain term of service, thus affording such inducements to enlistment at home as would supersede the recruiting sergeant, and remove all fears for our army at home now so rife.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

Edwin Forrest begins an engagement in the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, February 6th, at the conclusion of which, it is once more said, he will bid farewell to the stage forever.

The friends of the late eminent composer Balfe have forwarded a requisition to the Dean of Westminster, for permission to erect in Poets' Corner, a suitable monument to his memory.

Fechter and Miss Leclercq netted two thousand for the Holland Fund, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, the other evening, when, in the "Lady of Lyons," they displayed their usual intense and magnetic acting, and delighted the large audience.

Two ladies of the Rothschild family, in England, have published a book entitled, "The History and Literature of the Israelites, According to the Old Testament and the Apocrypha," of which the *London Times* says: "The authors proposed to themselves a task which they estimate very modestly, but which was by no means easy, and they have executed it with a success which surpasses their aims."

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, died on the 12th ult., after a brief illness. This distinguished critic, poet, and divine was born in London, in 1810, the son of respectable parents. His early education he received at Ilminster Grammar School, and its completion at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship and took his B.A. and M.A. degrees. In 1834 he was elected a Fellow of his college, and in the following year appointed Vicar of Wymeswold, Leicestershire. In 1841 he preached the Hulsean Lectures at Cambridge, and became Examiner of Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London. In 1853 he was appointed Incumbent of Quebec-street Chapel, where he gained high reputation by his eloquent preaching; and in 1857 was recommended by Lord Palmerston for the Deanery of Canterbury. Dean Alford's literary efforts date from the time of his University career. In 1831 he published at Cambridge his first volume, "Poems, and Poetical Fragments;" in 1835 "The School of the Heart, and other Poems," in two volumes; and, in 1841, "Chapters on the Poets of Greece." In 1841 he also produced the first part of a very important and highly esteemed work—his edition of the Greek Testament, the compilation of which occupied him nearly twenty years. Of late years he contributed articles on religious and literary topics to the *Contemporary Review*, *Good Words*, and other periodicals, and took part in controversies with respect to various points in English grammar. The Dean's little book on New Testament synonyms is a collection of gems of infinite value to the Christian student.

WAR INCIDENTS.

A London paper expresses the belief that Leon Gambetta is a victim of the opium habit, and that since the war he has seldom been removed from the influence of the drug.

General Trochu's venerable mother is at Belle-Isle, waiting with heroic resignation "the fate of her dear boy." In a letter this aged lady has written to a friend, she says that she scarcely hopes he will survive the fearful dangers which surround the Governor of Paris, and adds—"I shall die happy in knowing that my son gave his life to France in the hour of her agony."

A Paris letter says that the bombardment has afforded one more source of amusement to the boys in the city. When they see a man or a woman particularly well dressed—say a man glorious in furs that argue an extraordinary care of his person—they cry out, "Flat, flat! a shell—a shell—a plat ventre! Down on your faces." The man, gorgeous in fur, falls flat on the ground—perhaps in the gutter—and the Parisian urchin rejoices with exceeding great joy.

The King of Prussia has ordered an investigation into the statement that a Prussian officer took some spoons from an hotel table at Etampes, and Captain Hozier has been summoned to give his evidence on the subject in order that the story may be sifted and the offender identified and punished.

The device proposed for General Moltke's patent, on his being created a Count, was, according to a Berlin paper, "Echt und recht bei Rath und That"—"Honest and right in counsel and action." The King, however, altered it to "Erst wagen, dann wagen"—"First consider, then venture;" or, to keep the play on the two words *wagen* and *wagen*—"First weigh, then up and away."

Some of the Parisians evidently looked upon the bombardment as a source of amusement. Crowds, including women and children—many of the women *en toilette*—used to go out to the most menaced points in order to watch the effect of the fire. The mob at these places—for it cannot be called anything else—remained very late, and on retiring gave rendezvous to their friends for the next day. At a small wine shop, close to the Trocadero, a board was placed on the windows with these words painted upon it: *Au rendezvous des obus*.

One of the *Times* correspondents relates an incident illustrating the demoralized condition of Chanzy's army. Two dragoons found themselves surrounded and about to be taken prisoners by thirty Mobiles. One of them could speak a little French, and one of the French soldiers was an Alsatian who could speak German; there was thus no difficulty in communicating. The dragoons refused to surrender on an entirely new and original ground. "If we go with you," said they, "we shall share your discomfort, but if you come with us you will share our comfort and escape all the dangers and hardships of the war. On the whole, you will gain far more by letting us take you than by making prisoners of us." This reasoning proved irresistible, and the two dragoons rode back to their regiment with their thirty Mobiles following them like sheep.

Every Tuesday morning during the siege of Paris, at ten o'clock precisely, a trumpet announced the arrival of a parlementaire at the bridge of Sevres, and a white flag was displayed. A Prussian officer, in full uniform, gloved and shod as in a drawing-room, advanced upon the bridge as far as the broken arch, raised his hand to his cap, and addressed the French officers who awaited him: "Gentlemen, I have the

honour to offer you my salutation." They replied: "Sir, we have the honour to salute you." "Gentlemen," he resumed: "I have the honour to inform you that I am commissioned to hand to you the communications for Mr. Washburne;" to which the reply was: "Sir, we will have the honour to send for the packet." After another exchange of military salutations, each party retired from the bridge to their respective banks of the river. The French sent off a boat, and received from the hands of the Prussian officer the diplomatic letter-bag. Further salutations followed, and the parties withdrew to their respective entrenchments, and the firing, if deemed advisable, was at once resumed.

Paris has been very much astonished to learn that one of its pet heroes, Sergeant Hoff, was in reality a Bavarian Lieutenant who was playing the part of a spy. For a long time Hoff was the object of universal admiration. General Trochu conferred the Legion of Honour upon him for having slain over thirty Prussians. General Schmitz gave him an official bulletin, and he was interviewed by journalists. Hoff generally used to go out alone at night, and bring back helmets and muskets in proof of the amount of business he had performed. On the 2nd of December, Hoff, much to the grief of his comrades, disappeared, and the Government was greatly blamed for having allowed such a valuable man to go into action like a common mortal. In some quarters it was considered that Hoff should have replaced Trochu. When it was supposed that he had fallen, a subscription was raised for his disconsolate "widow," which was carried to that lady with the greatest respect by four officers (reminding one of Mons. Malbrook's funeral). To the astonishment of the military deputation, the first exclamation of the bereaved one, on seeing men in uniform enter her apartment was: "I didn't know he was a Prussian till the other day." Tableau! Paris can't help laughing at having been outwitted, shrugs its shoulders, and says: "*Sommes nous bêtes?*" According to the *Francs-Tireurs*, Hoff has since been caught and executed.

The *Chicago Post*, in commenting on the performance in that city of Handel's "Messiah," says: "Handel would have been pleased with such a house; but if Handel had seen men and women rise and move out of the hall while 'Behold, I will tell you a mystery' was being sung, Handel would have seized a drum and thrown it at the ill-bred rustics who could be guilty of such an outrage on good music and good taste."

An Indiana pedagogue going to school on a cold morning, lately, found himself locked out by a number of scholars who were inside. He got a ladder, ascended the roof, and laid a board over the top of the chimney to smoke them out. They took away his ladder, and left him sitting on the ridge-pole till he froze his ears and fingers and agreed to yield to their demands. Then they let him down. School discipline is imperfect out that way.

A London baker has his bill-heads printed upon paper of three different colours—red, green and white. The object of this is to avoid the necessity of giving instructions to the man who delivers the bread, flour, etc., to the customers, as when the bill is made out upon a red paper it denotes danger, and he is not to leave the goods without the cash; if on green paper it denotes caution, as the customer is doubtful, and the man is to get the money if he can; if on white it is safe to leave any quantity of goods on credit.

A lawyer in Providence, R. I., was recently, on behalf of the heirs of an estate, contesting a will which he believed to have been forged. His clients were confident of the justice of their claims; but the instrument was apparently all correct, and the prospect of setting it aside looked very dubious. The pretended will was written under the date of 1855, and bore the stamp, "A. P. Co.—Superfine." No paper but that of the Agawam Company of Mittineague bears this mark. The lawyer conceived the idea of writing to the officials of the Agawam Company for information in regard to the paper, and had the satisfaction of learning that their first paper with that stamp was made and sold in 1860, which proved that the fraudulent will must have been written at least five years after its date. Of course this discovery settled the matter.

In *The Magic Flute* Christine Nilsson sings F above the staff. The youngest of the Sisters Sissi, with a compass of three octaves and a half, reached the same note. Catelan had the same wonderful compass, but pitched a third lower. The highest voice on record is that of Lucrezia Ajugrai, whom Mozart heard at Parma. With a voice as pure as a flute, she ascended to triple C, trilling on the D above. A Madame Becker, who astonished St. Petersburg in 1823, reached the same note by accident. The air in the third act of "The Robber's Castle," composed for her, goes up to double A. On one occasion, as she was giving this dangerous note, the leader of the orchestra looked so fixedly at her that she was frightened and gave the C above. Rubini sang without straining his voice up to double A.

A great deal has been written of late about the ancestors of Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise. We have not, however, seen any notice taken of one who was not only a citizen of Glasgow, but a common ancestor of both—viz., John Stuart, Earl of Lennox, who died about 370 years ago. He had his country residence at Crostoun Castle, in Renfrewshire, and his town residence in the High-street of Glasgow. The exact site of the house cannot now be pointed out, but the city records show that his garden or orchard now forms part of the Glasgow Gasworks. He married Margaret Montgomerie, a daughter of Lord Eglinton, and had nine children. Matthew, the eldest, is now represented (through Henry Lord Darnley) by Her Majesty; Robert is represented by the Earl of Darnley; William died unmarried; John is represented by a person in the humble ranks of life; and Allen by Lord Blantyre; Elizabeth, the eldest daughter (married the Earl of Argyll,) is represented by the Duke of Argyll; Marion (married Lord Crichton) is represented by the Marquis of Bute; Janet (married Lord Ross) is represented by the Earl of Glasgow; and Margaret (married Colquhoun of Luss) is represented by Sir James Colquhoun. It would thus appear that Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise are not only descended from a Glasgow citizen, but are what people north of the Tweed call Highland cousins.

The census in Great Britain will probably be taken on the 3rd of April.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER VII.

EMILY INKLE OF CONWAY.

ONE morning in early summer, when the lost Heir of Lillymere had been nearly two years searching for himself in the States and in British America, with no clue discovered, he awaited the arrival of a train by Great Western Railway, at Hamilton, Canada West. A young lady was expected. He stood on a green headland overlooking Burlington Bay near the knoll where lightning in some thunder-storm of old fused the sand, leaving in it vertical cords of glass.

Truest of poetry, the charms of the real. Privileged to revel in visional splendours the poet of the real, albeit he writes no verse, may be partaker in a drama day by day, performed all the twenty-four hours of night and day within the amphitheatre of hills now open. A dramatic poem panoramically unfolding, hourly varying and glorifying in acts and accessories the present age of high achievements. Triumph of the industrial utilities. Subjugation of matter by mind. Conquests enriching thought, filling treasuries of enjoyment, enlarging capacities to mentally enjoy.

Burlington Bay, five miles long, one, two, three miles wide, where in deep clear water, ever cool and pure, the fair young city bathes its feet. Bathes its feet with head reposing in flowery summer gardens and winter conservatories along the lower mountain slopes. Sweet recess of blue-eyed Ontario, lake of the sun's love. Beauty and joy all the day. Unsatisfied sun at the lips of unlimited loving Ontario. Embracing all the long summer day. Dew and rain, fruit of the dazzling love, nourishing the forest and the farm; yielding strength, health, rural joys. Sparkling Bay of Burlington within the circling hills.

A mile of trains and engines at rest; two-fold, three-fold, four-fold lines of trains. Incomprehensible mystery of matter and motion—telegraphy—silently threading the continent, carrying human desires on the pulses of the universe, in service of him made at first only a little lower than the angels. In service of her no lower than the angels and as beautiful, if not degraded by him for whom she was made.

Engines cold and at rest. Engines hot and hissing in suppressed thundery impetuosity, impatient to be away. Obedient in servitude to a touch of the master's hand, yet rebels always on verge of revolt. Engines departing on the long, the rapid, the wondrous journey, and proclaiming their intent to go in the ears of the echoing mountains—"Who! who! Who! Away."

Canada trains, and American through trains from Eastern to Western, from Western to Eastern States of the Union, refreshing watery fiery appetites of the panting locomotives. Refreshing the parched, the sleepless enginemen. Most heroic of employments under the sun. Approached in courage and endurance, in torrid heats, in fierce frigid icy storms, snow-drifts, or floods, by none so continuously except the sailor, and hardly by him. Unshrinking, unwinning vigilant railway engine-man. Refresh. Precious is the life committed to you every day. Some of it very precious this day, and to-morrow.

Canada trains, arriving, and departing to east, to west, to north. By Toronto to north, and all communications near or remote down to the ocean Provinces and American Atlantic States. Passenger Express, or heavy freight trains, sweeping around the curve of three miles at foot of the rocks by margin of the laughing, dimpling dancing water. Curve of a C to Toronto. Of S to the west.

A mile of depôt, offices, stores, workshops. Grain depository elevators form and capacity of churches. Lake or ocean shipping at the wharves. Palatial steamers of inland navigation, two and three storied. Colour of doves, varied by tier upon tier of green, or brown, or blue Venetian windows. Gay sight to see. The interior? A succession of chambers, drawing-rooms gilded and mirrored resonant with music.

As in the steamship palace, so in the railway palace cars. Sumptuous saloons with rows of cushioned seats, central alleys between the rows. End platforms to step on from car to car. Drawing-room and hotel appurtenances. Chambers of nightly repose enclosed in curtains of beauty. Mirrors of brilliancy: furniture of richest woods, carved, polished, gilded. Heating appliances in winter. Iced water fountains in summer. Polite attendants. Lofty roofs. Dust absorbed by science. Internal air pure always. Window lights brilliant or shaded at will. Company of passengers a study; charming mostly.

Trains ascending the steep Flamboro gradient of nine miles on face of a fractured continent, upheaval of an old ocean floor. Trains coming down in rolls of thunder. Long white feathery tails of comets flashing through tops of the forest trees. Blasts of steam trumpets echoing in the rocks two and three and four hundred feet high. Homes of the eagles once, home of the eagle no more. Precipices severed by ravines overlooking Dundas in its valley, its mills and manufactories. Lovely to look upon, fairest of the forest towns, diligent Dundas.

On the projecting brow of a grassy headland at foot of Bay street, Tobias enjoys the ecstasy which waiting for a train inspires. A train carrying a young lady of — not quite his own age.

True to time it arrives, and she is there, he on the platform handing her out. They drive to the "Golden" to breakfast. Then on foot ascend the Mountain to look down and over the city. Over the city and bay northerly to the green Flamboro forest heights. East to the glittering silvery blue Ontario lake. West to the clustering groups of lesser greenwood hills enclosed within the ramparts of the greater.

This is Emily Inkle of Conway, a girl not so faultless in every feature as some in Canada, or as certain American beauties seen lately by Tobias in York State and in Michigan; nor so rosily freshly delicate in complexion as Agnes Schoolar—Agnes of England. But Emily has dark eyes and long eyelashes with language in both. As the beautiful curtains of the eye rise or fall the soul looks through. There is a pretty dimple on the chin. She has pearly teeth, loveable lips, nose a little too short, lively manners, graceful figure. With money to procure dresses as wanted, silks, muslins, moire antiques, satins, or any other; laces, bonnets, shawls—oh such Parisian bonnets! such shawls of Cashmere! prettiest poetry of silken hose, slippers and gaiter boots ever made by hand of artist—with money for dress at her will Emily knows like the Catechism, if not better, all the London, New York, and Paris books of the fashions.

An ambitious indulgent mother supplies demands, guiding with silken reins the wealthy financiering father, a man always hungry for food, and for gold, and for land, hungry for land.

As Tobias reads Emily's footsteps they have affinity to birds, to flowers, to thoughts poetic. In accomplishments she is all that the Seminary professors could make her in face of personal waywardness. A fine dowry may attach. Her father says, "conditionally." She is to marry some gentleman of "good" English family if possible. Or gentleman of "good" Canadian family if possible. Or an American gentleman of "good" family if possible. These to be judged by the mother. Or failing early appearance of such the father may accept or select for Emily one doing well in trade, British or American or Canadian, if not buying and selling otherwise than at per ton, at per gross, at per million feet. A retailing man may not marry within the Conway upper circles. One owning Ottawa timber limits may. Or one with booms and a cove at Quebec. He may be an army or naval officer. If with a title or being heir to a title the dowry might be doubled, conditionally, always conditionally. It may be money down; or land money and plank roads mixed; or plank roads and land, the land cleared and under culture; or wild bush all to clear, conditionally.

Who may Emily's father be? Formerly he was Tommy of Owdham, hand-loom weaver and Blanketeer. Next, one of the crown lands allottees. Then, in succession, a pedlar, a store-keeper, a usurer, a mortgagee on houses and lands, with an aptitude to foreclose mortgages at short notice. A banker and financier in Conway now, Mr. Thomas Inkle, claiming kinship to that Inkle of London, who sold Yarico to the Barbadian merchant, as printed by the Essayists long ago.

"Would like to see my Tommy Inkle try to sell his Yarico, his Tilda Clegg, to a Barbadian merchant," cosily, coaxingly, said Mrs. Inkle from Owdham in their dark wood-chopping, log-rolling days. Red Indians looming around—Barbadian merchants for aught she knew.

And in their ambrosial drawing-rooms in this day of prosperous high finance, Tilda still governs in this gentle, tender way, except when Tommy is absurdly obstinate, once in a year or in two years. Then endearments failing, and tears failing, the energy of the Cleggs of Oldham speaks: "The blood of the treacherous Inkles runs in your veins, Tom, and in your son's veins, Tom, and in your heart; but, be praised the better fortune, Emily inherits from me the blood and the beauty of the Cleggs of Oldham, except the nose; may be that is yours."

On the latest of such occasions Mrs. Inkle carried her point. She got the new chariot, the new liveries, and that superb span of bay horses in silver-mounted harness. Not now do any hear the cry from Mr. Thomas Inkle: "Demolish banks, liberate gold, liberate gold," as once upon a time.

Tobias and Emily walk and exchange thoughts—light and airy thoughts—mostly in whispers, reading each other's eyes. The

youth, in soft impassioned tones, quotes from another youth, one Robert Burns:

"Oh, happy love, where love like this is found:
Oh, heart-felt rapture, bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare."

He gets no farther. Emily's happy laughter interposes. She rallies him on his "sage experience," and they giggle in mutual delight. They walk, they stand, they sit, they rise, and walk and sit again as the fitful glow of sweet delicious converse moves them. Beneath their feet the bending blossom of the wild strawberry yields homage and fragrance. They whisper though no ear but their own could hear the loud laugh a minute before.

Two breathings come as one when eloquent eyes look into eyes not many inches apart, not any inches apart, speaking without words. And the air under the mountain maple trees kisses and wafts away the delectable essence of the breathings. Purer and sweeter the air. Happier, lovelier the fair young city seems to repose on the plain below. Brighter the water of the glittering bay. Whiter the sails of the fleet of pleasure yachts. More playful and pretty the innocent little lambs in the fields of pasture. Gayer the blue bird and the scarlet tanager. The instinctive bees come on faster humming wing to flowers around the lovers, gathering a truer honey. Magic of eyes, lips, hearts, souls enchanted!

And thus they dream, the oblivious happy pair, while the moments fly, and fly from morning to the afternoon. As it was with Juliet and Romeo—with Highland Mary and Robert Burns, so it hath been and is: "the course of true love never doth run smooth." Why is Emily Inkle pretending to visit young lady friends at Ancaster, when no attraction brought her from Conway other than the hope of meeting this youth at Hamilton? She is forbidden to correspond or converse with him until his family and personal fortunes be known. Young love cannot doubt his respectability. Emily would rejoice to hear him declare his high social position, his aristocratic family connections, but cannot hazard questions. It is whispered, and by some held true, that he is one of the oldest, highest nobility. But something else is whispered. He has declared to Emily nothing more than happiness in her personal society. This is quite nice to hear and believe, only it does not pass as worth anything at home.

Tobias came to know Emily Inkle in this way. One day in the preceding winter he was in the Parliament House at Toronto. As a young English gentleman of fortune, visiting the States and Canada on a tour of observation, he had many introductions. One was to Samson Steelyard, Esq., M. P. P. for the County of Conway. The stranger's conversation led to the topic of settlers from England. And immigrants from Lancashire. Markedly to weavers from Irlsdale. But he carefully concealed the motives for preferring this subject; his compact with Solicitor Solomon Schoolar, of London, imposing that precaution.

Mr. Schoolar continued to remit the stipulated allowance, and Toby made monthly returns, living within his money, dressing well, saving a little.

The Member liking the young gentleman's intelligent conversation invited him home at the Christmas adjournment, and introduced him to Conway society in town and country. Squire Steelyard, once the handloom weaver and Blanketeer, was a Justice of Peace as well as M. P. P. A bachelor intending to marry sometime, but prone to delay in that matter. The only duty in life he was slow to fulfil.

Aged about forty-two, tall not stout; complexion fresh, hair light in colour, with tinge of red, good whiskers and moustache. With a country mansion, splendid gardens and conservatories, where once stood his log shanty, he might have had no difficulty in getting a wife, if not asking a woman selected by another wooer. He owned two flouring mills with ten run of stones, a saw-mill and woollen cloth factory; a breeding establishment for high class horses,—workers, trotters, racers, and for best cattle and sheep, with about a thousand acres of land. Part of this property, Lot Eighteen First Concession of Conway, on which ran some of the water privileges with the mills, consisted of two hundred acres, now yielding, under scientific culture, fifty bushels of wheat the acre, with rich pasturage, valuable quarries, noble old shade trees. That Lot was purchased by Tommy Inkle from the original allottee for five dollars, two gallons of whisky, and ten plugs of tobacco. The allottee, Abel Renshaw, preferring a Republic to a Monarchy, said he would go live in a free country, and feebly stylered away in the woods in search of it, with but little of the whisky left, one plug of tobacco, no money. Steelyard purchased from Inkle, giving a thousand per cent. profit or more, and cleared the land, enclosed, cultured, and built on it. Renshaw, who sold this free gift of the Crown, was one of the unconditioned allottees. The conditioned could not sell till they had a title deed arising from duties performed.

The Member returning to his parliamentary avocations, left Tobias in Conway, to enjoy the society of the Inkles or whom he chose; to live in the town or country residence as he

preferred; to take any cutter, sleigh, cariole and fast span of horses he might choose, and drive, glide, spin along on the high level snow for amusement. The Inkles also had fast horses, but they were young Tom's or his mother's, and not often trusted to the driving of strangers. Tom, remaining steadily at his desk in the Bank, took only a solitary drive mornings and evenings.

But Emily Inkle, or Gwyney Owen or Lydia Taff—the latter daughter of Squire Taff of Conway Castle, accompanied Toby in his drives. Sometimes all; oftener only one. Latterly only one, and that Emily. Then pretty lips and little tongues prattled in Conway Castle, town and township.

Out on the snow, the smooth sparkling snow, dashing along, dashing along to the music of silver bells. Fast trotting horses, fleet-footed greys yesterday, the chestnuts day before, the span of noble bays to-day—fast pacing trotters running to the music of bells. The bells on the harness musical silver bells. Pryny barking, and little Floss barking, and the two great Newfoundland watch-dogs of the Bank out for a run, one on each side of the swiftly gliding sleigh. Robes of fur under and around, and tails of foxes streaming behind. A cloud of white on Emily's head, the gossamer product of the Farr looms at Hespeler, Canada West—most exquisite of the finer textile woollens known out of Cashmere. Exhilarating atmosphere. Glowing sun in the clear midwinter sky, the blue, the brilliant atmosphere of North America. Lofty sky, beautiful, sublime! So clear, so far, so high, by day, by night; every night and day except in storms, that they seem to have taken out the windows.

In this pure, delicious winter atmosphere, cosily wrapped in furs, glowing in health, all the world faultless, sinless to Emily and Tobias, they ride along, glide along, speed along, to the music of bells. The bells on the shining harness, merrily tinkling silver bells.

And the little tongues tattled and prattled in Conway Castle, town and township—saying prettily, Emily Inkle and her beau were a lovely, fortunate, happy pair.

When spring came, Squire Steelyard arrived home from Parliament. In March Tobias had seen the trees of the maple groves tapped for sweet sap and sugar made. Now, driving on wheels with the Squire, he saw the leaves budding out. One week, all looked dead and grey, the earth covered with the scum of spent storms, left when winter had folded up suddenly and departed. Next week forest trees, orchards, clover fields and meadow pastures were green. The second week they were in a glow of greenness and blossom. A profusion of foliage and of insect life burst forth in the transition of two weeks, a wonder, a charm, a delight to the stranger, as such weeks of spring had once been a wonder to the poor weaver allottees, now the freehold landed gentry.

The transition had been a wonder once, not now. But it was still a charm to the eye and a joy. "There," said the M. P. P., "in that two-storied Elizabethian villa, surrounded by its apple orchards in blossom, with two hundred acres under skilful culture, and with good dairy cattle, no rent to pay and but small taxes, a ready-money market for wheat at the mills, the face of no man to fear, lives my neighbour Irk, once a despised hand-loom weaver like myself."

And in this way the Squire drove along the several Concession Roads. A thoroughfare at every mile, all running parallel, through the township of twelve miles is termed a Concession Road and known by its number. The lots of two hundred acres also numbered, lie end to end, half a mile long, abutting on the Concession Roads. Or on a Town Line, which separates two townships.

The Squire drove to other Town Lines, and Concessions, naming the allottees, mostly poor weavers once, or soldiers, or pauper potwall voters from the disfranchised Wiltshire borough of Eccley. Now wealthy, independent landowners, paying no rent and out of debt, with only a few exceptions. Lud was not named. Tobias felt himself on the brink of a social precipice. Name, or enquire about Lud, and so let it appear that he was reputedly the son of Simon who was hanged, what would Emily say? Her father, mother, Tom? Conway Castle, the town and township, and all the pretty tattling, prattling tongues now speaking praises of the handsome, the elegant young scion of English high life, what would they say? And Squire Steelyard himself, what might he think?

Tobias avoided that precipice by silence. But Steelyard, when passing Lot Four, Third Concession of Conway, pointed to the poor dwelling-house thereon, the original log shanty, saying:

"That Lot is now rented by the adjoining proprietor, the owner is a poor woman not at present in Canada. Her husband, a good-natured creature, always ready to assist other people, took the wrong side at time of the rebellion. Innocently in any intent of evil, I believe, but he—nothing could avert his fate. Law, power, newspapers, public clamour, all were against him."

Tobias trembled lest the Squire should say this was Abram Lud. But no one being named, he kept silence, intending to inquire the

LABRADOR VIEWS.



No. 2.—SHOOTING POURCILS, OR PUFFING PIGS. FROM A SKETCH BY N. TETU.



No. 3.—HUNTING SEAL. FROM A SKETCH BY N. TETU.



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

name at another time, or from another person.

"How did Mr. Inkle make his money at first? I comprehend how it accumulates now, but how did he, a poor weaver, get the foundation of such wide financial operations laid?"

"He was hungry, and without provisions; that was the beginning of his wealth, then he prospered on the improvidence of others. Had there been not one liquor store in Conway, nor in the country, when the conditioned Blanketeers, the unconditioned military settlers, and Eccley borough potwallers came, both Mr. Inkle and I might have had less land. He would have had as much or more money, that he would be sure to accumulate anywhere, anyhow."

"A paradox. How came hunger to be the foundation of his wealth? One would expect poverty, not fortune in finance, as a result of his ever-craving hunger."

"So one would, and so it was for a time. When a weaver in Oldham, people said Tommy defrauded the warp of its dressing, eating it in secret, and so made poor work. When a Blanketeer, on hostile march to London, he consumed the provisions in two days intended to last a week. When allottee on Lot Ten, First Concession of Conway, in the first year of the settlement, the Inkles used up the Government allowance of seed potatoes for food. With two other men who had bartered away their seed for drink and tobacco, and two who, like Tommy, had eaten everything that would eat, stump and rump, he went away through the unknown bush forty miles to obtain fresh supplies on credit, at a store out there in the front. Coming home, each carrying a bag and four pecks, and feeling overloaded, they sat down to rest and dispute about the nearest or safest direction to go."

"They separated. The four taking one way, and again separating in swamps. All abandoning the loads, they one by one reached the Conway town line famishing, except Mr. Inkle. He journeyed onward in the direction judged to be the best. Having axe and billy-knife with him, an implement was made by which, at an open glade in the bush, he dibbled in the eye cuttings of two pecks of his potatoes, eating the other parts. The eyes grew. He came out in the summer and enclosed this forest patch within a fence, gathering a wonderful produce in the fall, which were taken to the store and sold where he had the credit. And that enclosure where no settlers had yet been, became the centre of a freehold of several thousand acres all his own. All his own, because he could eat uncooked roots."

"The two pecks not planted there, Tommy traded in the same way, taking the eyes to Conway to plant, making food of the balance. He reached home after an absence of five days. On the journey a bear attacked him. With axe ready, and with strength, dexterity, courage, for Thomas Inkle is a brave man when put to it, the bear hobbled away, badly wounded."

"The potato eyes became as mind's eyes to Mr. Inkle. The long credit and profits at the store suggested trading as easier work than chopping, log-rolling, and clearing wild land. Within the second year he was a trader. He purchased two unconditioned Lots, four hundred acres of prime land, good timber and water privileges for ten dollars, twenty plugs of tobacco, and a keg of whisky. I paid him a thousand per cent. profit for Lot Eighteen, Renshaw's land, the poor fool, and have it now in highest cultivation, with flouring mills, ten run of stones, saw-mill, and woollen mill, and water power still available for one or two factories."

Such was one item of the Squire's information about the Conway settlement. The Inkles were not yet the highest of the first families, but fast rising. With the Bank and the peculiar Inkle system of lending on mortgage and foreclosing—selling a Yarico to a Barbadian merchant very often, they were in a position to accumulate to the end of their lives.

"And if the snowball be kept rolling," as husband and wife termed the Bank in cosy confab under the blankets in a cold night of ten, or twenty, or thirty below zero, "if the snowball be kept rolling by our young Tom all his life, and by his Tom when he has one, it will grow and gather and grow to an avalanche."

So said Tilda, and Mr. Inkle rejoined:

"They had need stand from under that avalanche, let me tell you, if it fall, or out of its way, roll on or fall."

And thus nicely tucked in, lying on their backs in prosperous peace and composure, the banker and his wife exchanged thoughts for thoughts. Or they turned face to face and talked of Emily's fortune and prospects, never lying back to back, carping and certain lecturing.

In a shanty outside the town a couple lay in blankets, older and thinner. Not curtain lecturing for they had no curtains. Not carping or quarrelling, for they were of one mind. Their shanty was a home ever open to the wanderer, the lost, or the orphan child. The husband Abel Renshaw already named, came out in the "Fidelia." We have seen how he

parted with Lot Eighteen. His wife, much older than himself, had not then arrived from England.

Meeting Squire Steelyard one day, and the conversation turning on personal affairs, Renshaw said, bitterly:

"Happy event for me it had been if Tommy's tatoes had choked him as he ate raw, cutting out the eyes to plant, and live and grow rich out of the price of my land you paid him, and which he got from me for a sup of whisky and pipe of tobacco, when I were not in my senses, and had not my old woman to take care of me, God bless her! And you, Steelyard, had always an open eye, too, for a good bargain."

"Yes, Abel, but I had not an open mouth for the enemy to enter and steal away my brains."

"And so, by shutting thy mouth thou got to be member of parliament. See here, Squire: Thy mouth seems shut in the House of Assembly. You do nought, you say nought. Dunnot you think somat ought to be done for t'working man? You propose nothing for the poor man, Radical and Blanketeer, though thou once were like the rest of us. Why not open thy mouth in parliament? Were I a member I'd talk to them all night and all day, but they should hear me and do something for the working man."

"Renshaw, had some high authority closed the shanties of Conway, where drink and tobacco were sold and bartered, when the Blanketeers and military men came here, you might have owned Lot Eighteen now, the water privileges and the mills, and been Justice of Peace and M.P.P. instead of me."

"May be, Squire. But mayhap I've have an estate yet. I think I shall."

"Abel, if you choose to accept easy work, a good cottage and garden rent free for life, and during her life, come to me, the sooner the better. Your wages will be double the pay of any other hand, for the sake of old times. I will not call you a hired hand, but friend."

"You are a kind-hearted man, Squire Steelyard. But you see I would not like to work for a gentleman who was once as poor as myself, and in sight of my own land as it were. I and the old woman be too proud for that. Good bye, Squire."

It was at Conway, and driving about the country among the gentry of estate—the poor weavers, soldiers, potwallers of former years—that Tobias and Emily discovered they liked to be together. They were left a while ago on brow of the mountain above Hamilton, and having said all the sweet things their foolish heads can think of, they are now ready to descend to the city. It is nearly time for the lady to go to Ancaster. To-morrow there is to be a sale of unclaimed luggage and goods at the Railway Depot. Says Emily:

"Will you attend the sale, Tobias?"

"Yes, unless I be invited to Ancaster to meet you, and enjoy another day of delight, making birds and bees and butterflies all happy in that township as we have done in this. Will you come to the sale if I drive out in the morning?"

"Perhaps I may, if you urge it and get old aunty's consent. Should like to buy something at blind hazard, a valise, trunk or portmanteau, some fellow's valise, some young lady's lost trunk, and be excited with expectation of fortune when opening the lock, reading the letters, the legal documents, inspecting the treasures, the fine clothes, gold watches, jewellery, or old rags. Come for me, Tobias; we may have a fine time with the unclaimed luggage."

(To be continued.)

JIM WOLF AND THE TOM CATS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free-liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden times. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another tiresome personal experience; but I was too slow, he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the infliction was couched in the following language:—

We were all boys then and didn't care for nothing, and didn't worry about nothing only to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This yah Jim Wolf I was talking about was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and the most forgiven' and unselfish I ever saw—well, there couldn't have been a bullier boy than he was, take him how you would, and sorry enough I was when I saw him for the last time.

Me and Henry was always pestering him and plastering boss bills on his back, and putting bumble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was 19; he was long and lank, and bashful; and we 15 and 16, tolerably worthless and lazy.

So that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave a candy-pullin', they started us off

to bed early, so as the company could have full swing, and we run into Jim to have some fun.

Our window looked out into the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom-cats got to ranglin' and chargin' about it, and carrying on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First, they'd stand off and e-yow pow-wow, just the same as if they were a cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the grey cat he'd snatch a handful of fur out the yaller cat's ham, and spin him around like the button on a barn door, but yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and howl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

Well, Jim, he got disgusted with this row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake 'em off'n the roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, but we everlastin'ly dogged him, and bullyragged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he would not take a dare, and so on, till bimby he histed up the winder, and low and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was; nothing on but a shirt, and it was short. But you ought to see him cre-e-pin over the ice, and diggin' his toe nails in to keep from slippin'; and above all, you ought to see that shirt-tail flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his glistening in the moonlight.

Them company folks was down there under the eaves, the squad of 'em, under that ornery shed of old Washin'ton Bower vines—all settin' round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothin' about the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim he went a sneakin' unbeknown to them tomatos—they was a swishin' their tails, and yow-yowin'—and threatenin' to clinch—you know, and not payin' any attention—he went a sneakin' right to the comb of the roof, till he was within a foot and a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh, he missed fire and slipped, his heels flew up, and he flopped on his back, and he went off'n that roof like a dart—went a slashin' and a smashin' and a crashin' down through them old rusty vines, and landed in the centre of them company people—sat down like a yarthquake in them two dozen sassers of red hot candy, and let off a howl which was hark from the tomb! Them gals, well they looked, you know. They see he wasn't dressed for company, and so they left. All done in a second. It was just one little war-hoop and a whisk of their dresses, and blame the wretch of 'em was in sight anywhere.

Jim, he was a sight. He was gormed with that blin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was an Injun princess—and he came a prancin' up stairs, just a hoopin' and a cussin', and every jump he made he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dropped some candy!

And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor creature couldn't really sit down for as much as four weeks.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

HOW I WAS GUILLOTINED.

—ooo—
BY K.

ALL Paris was excited. Vergier, the priest, the cold-blooded assassin of the Archbishop of Paris, was to be executed in front of the Roquette. The crime was premeditated and cruel. The assassin, a shiftless character, was a native of the same place as Monsignor Sibour, and had some acquaintance with him. Having been suspended from his clerical functions for some grave cause, not well ascertained, he proceeded to Paris to make capital out of his compatriot, the Metropolitan. The latter was a kind-hearted and considerate man. He did not stop to consider the reputation of Vergier, but his need, and at once sent him money. How often, or how much, no one knew exactly but the prelate and his pensioner. In the pocket of the assassin was found a very kind letter from his benefactor, containing a hundred francs.

On the 6th January, the festival of the Epiphany, the Archbishop assisted at the services at Ste. Genevieve. A procession was passing through the nave, consisting of the clergy, choristers, girls of the Confraternity of the Daughters of Mary, and others, with cross, and banner and chant. At the end of the procession came the Archbishop in his violet robes, attended by his Vicar-General and his chaplains. The cope of his Grace was, as is customary, held back in front by the attendant deacon and subdeacon, showing the Episcopal rochet and stole. The hymn swelled through the church, and the Archbishop dispensed his benediction to the spectators. Suddenly, a man in a closely-buttoned black

coat rushed out of the throng. A large, long-bladed knife gleamed in the air, and a voice exclaimed, "Down with the Goddess!" The next instant, before any one had recovered from his surprise at this interruption, the man had pushed through the procession, and plunged his knife in the heart of the Archbishop! He waved his bloody weapon in the air, and was about to rush away, when he was seized and retained. The blow had been a sure one. The illustrious victim uttered two words, "O Jesus!" and then expired in the arms of the Vicar-General. The scene was one of indescribable consternation. The people huddled together in terror-stricken silence! The hastily-summoned physician pronounced life extinct, and the clergy, chanting the *De Profundis*, bore the body of the prelate to the sacristy. It was well for the murderer that the police held him securely, or he would have been torn to pieces by the indignant people.

On the trial it appeared that the man was not quite sane. But there was method in his madness. The cry, "down with the Goddess!" was raised to give a *Protestant* air to the transaction, and to mark Vergier as an opponent of devotions to the Virgin. But what religion the man had was Romish. For days previous he had brought the knife, and sharpened it to the acuteness of a razor. It is even believed that he had practised the blow, for none without such experience could have struck so clean an aim. The weapon passed right through the heart of the prelate.

Vergier was condemned to death, and the Emperor Napoleon refused to commute his sentence. The death-penalty is rarely carried out in France. But everyone concurred in desiring the execution of this ruffian. The whole case was discussed in every variety of way, and not a soul that went to see the Archbishop lying in state, but seemed filled with a personal revenge against Vergier.

As usual, the subject of death by decapitation was ventilated in the newspapers. It is one in which I have always felt peculiar interest, for it seems to furnish a most unanswerable argument against capital punishment. It is impossible to state what are the sensations of a violent death. And society, while decreeing that the earth ought to be rid of certain desperate criminals, as unfit to enjoy the privilege of living, yet is decidedly averse to the infliction of unnecessary torture. The famous Dr. Guillotine declared that his machine was only productive of "a cool sensation about the neck!" Probably the actual agony is not so intense as its anticipation. At least this is the case with most sufferings. However, it is an impenetrable mystery. But its darkest side is, the uncertainty as to the duration of sensation. Is it suddenly terminated by the severance of the spinal column? Or, is there sufficient left to communicate to the brain all the horrors of the situation, and to the body all the acute anguish connected with it? Many persons are of opinion that its cessation is gradual. This opens up a field for terrible conjecture.

I had read a great deal on this subject at this time. Drelincourt has preserved a good deal of material to assist such ghastly contemplations. Frankenstein, and several such novels, had helped to fix the impression that animation remained latent in the body suddenly killed, sufficiently strong to realize to itself all the horrors of death, without being dead. A certain young lady, about sixteen, died suddenly in Rome in 1864. She was very lovely, and the parents arrayed the body in virgin white, crowned it with flowers, and laid it on the bier. The weather being very warm, it was removed to a vault in the Cemetery of San Lorenzo, where candles were lighted around it, and it lay in state. Two *becchini*, the hired bearers of the dead, were paid to watch it, but these shirked their duty, and only came early each morning, to trim the lights, and make it appear that they had earned their money. The body had lain there three days, all the acquaintances going to see it, and carrying offerings of lights and flowers. On the fourth night the girl awoke! I heard her own description of the how and wherefore. Unlike other cataleptics, she had not been conscious of her awful position. She awoke with an extreme sensation of chill, and cramp in the limbs. She rubbed her eyes, and strove to collect her faculties. Then she sat up. Her glance rested on the vault, where five corpses awaiting burial lay in ghastly nudity, their eyes staring wide, uncared for, unknown. These were poor persons who had died that day. Then the vault itself arrested her attention. It is composed of skulls and other portions of the human body. Vertebrae are worked into the roof in strange arabesque devices; columns made of skulls, and capitals of thigh-bones, adorn it, and chandeliers of arm-bones hang from the ceiling. The intense darkness was only relieved by the fitful glare of two yellow tapers at her feet, and a small glimpse of moonlight that peered through the iron grating made for ventilation. This lent a strange vividness to the scene. The skulls seemed instinct with life. A movement in the distance, occasioned by rats scampering over the floor, seemed like the furtive creeping of ghosts. The girl's idea was not that she lived in *this world*, but had awoke *after death*, in the next. That her body was slowly yielding to the corruption of the grave.

A thrill of terror ran through her, as she saw, creeping over her clothing, several of those awful worms that are seen only in a charnel house. She had not resolution enough to shake them off. It occurred to her, however, that this was an idea of death she had never heard of. Either it was an eternal sleep, or an awakening to a new state of existence. She had believed in *Purgatory*. But that was *burning*. Could it be that her *Purgatory* was to suffer the conscious devouring of her own body by worms? The idea nearly drove her mad. In her agony, she prayed with increasing vehemence, until the vaults echoed her shrieks and cries. To complete her misery, the candles died out and left her in darkness. Still she prayed on, and probably the excitement of her devotion kept life together. At midnight the *becchini* come to bury the pauper dead, who, naked as they were born, are thrown pell-mell into the *Fosse Commune*, whose locality is only marked by a black cross. Decomposition is accelerated by quick lime, and the trench is closed, until the same day next year. Custom has hardened them to their business, and they not only do it unfeelingly, but even *jest* over it. Yet they are not without superstition, and as they approached the vault that night, the sounds issuing from it filled them with alarm. They crossed themselves, and even muttered an "*Ave Maria*," and seemed doubtful about entering. As they mustered courage to do so, carrying a torch, they excited additional alarm in the breast of the praying maiden. They wear a long black gown, which completely envelops the figure from head to feet, leaving two small holes for the eyes. With the idea strong upon her that she was in the world of spirits, the girl imagined these were *demons*, and certainly they look more demoniacal than human. She had heard that the Holy Name was a powerful aid against evil spirits, and she shrieked it out hysterically. The *becchini* quickly took in the real state of affairs, and one of them at once composed a *temo* for the lottery by calculating the hour they found her, her age, and the four nights she had lain there. Reassuring her of life, they promptly carried her on the bier to the upper air. Here she fainted, and so without loss of time, for fear too of losing the prospective reward, they hurriedly took up the bier and started with it toward her house. On their way they met a priest returning from a sick call. He joined them, and recited prayers aloud for the maiden. Others whom they met joined them, until the procession was quite lengthy. The surprise and joy of the parents at thus rescuing their child from the grave was indescribable. A great feast was given, and the resuscitated received the congratulations of her friends—wonderful was the change in her appearance. The rich blue black hair had grown white in some places, chiefly over the forehead. The skin was wrinkled as with extreme age, and the once vivacious eyes looked sunken and wild. In thanksgiving for her recovery, the girl gave up the world and became a nun.

This incident impressed itself very forcibly on my mind, for, as well as she was able, the girl had given me a description of her awful sensations. It conveyed quite a new meaning into Shakespeare's cogent argument against suicide:

"The thought of something *after* death,

* * * * *

Puzzles the will and makes us rather bear
The ills we know, than fly to others
That we know not of."

Full of strangely morbid feelings, I obtained a letter of introduction to the *Aumonier* of the Roquette, the prison of the condemned. As a student he received me with great courtesy, and I found some difficulty in frankly telling him the object of my visit. It really was to familiarise myself with the *modus operandi* of the guillotine. But this would have seemed impertinent curiosity, so I toned it down by saying that it would *heighten my pity for the poor condemned* if I could, &c. I found my friend ready to gratify my curiosity, and on our way to the office of the brigadier, or head-turnkey, I narrated to him the manner in which these things are frequently done at Viterbo. A man may lie under sentence of death for months and years. During this time he has four sous a day given him which are called "*the wages of death*." He has better food, called "*the bread of death*," and his bed is changed to a good wool mattress called "*the bed of death*." But he is not allowed a word or sign to attemper his dismal suspense. Each day the chaplain recites with him the prayers for the dying, and he does not know at morning whether he will see a sunset, or at sunset whether he will see the morning. When the authorities finally resolve to execute his sentence, the lock of his cell is well oiled during the day, and at night four men enter, spring upon him and bind him, and carry him to a vault beneath the prison. There the priest attends him to hear his final confession, and the executioner with the guillotine. As soon as absolution is given, the condemned is strapped down and decapitated. The other inmates are made aware of what has taken place next morning, by a black tablet hanging in the chapel with a skull and crossbones in white, and the name of the deceased, with an invitation to pray for his soul.

I need not detain the reader by an account of the various visits to one room after another, the melancholy "*via dolorosa*" of the condemned from his cell to the scaffold. I went through them all. My arms were pinioned like the culprit's. I felt the edge of the knife, and saw it fall, with its strange dull thud—a sound never to be forgotten. When I left it was night. Before daybreak this instrument of death was to be erected on the Place de la Roquette for the execution of Vergier.

I thought I would banish my dismal thoughts, which were accumulating like vultures round a corse, by a cheerful dinner at the Café Anglais. By the aid of the generous fare of that cosy restaurant, accompanied by several glasses of the dear *Veuve Cliquot*, *frappé*, I was restored to a more healthy train of reflection. Still, ever and anon, something recalled "worms and graves, and epitaphs." I looked over the play-bills, but there was nothing inviting, so I concluded to go home and read. I selected one of my collection of *Mortuary* literature, and feeling sleepy went to bed.

I had not been asleep an hour when two men entered my room. One was a stranger. The other I recognized as a famous detective, whose exploits had furnished me with material for many a tale.

"This is the man," said the detective.

His companion, without replying, motioned me to rise and dress.

"What is the matter?" I demanded.

"That you already know," said the detective, "why how pale you look, no doubt you expected us."

"Certainly not; as to my looking pale such a visit, at such an hour, would alarm anybody."

"I must beg of you to dress quickly, where are your keys?"

I handed them to the officer, who at once opened drawers and trunks, and possessed himself, with the dexterity of a practised hand, of all papers and money. Then the other man placed a pair of handcuffs on my wrists, and threw a cloak over my shoulders. I looked around the dear old rooms as we departed, with a consciousness of never seeing them again. A cab was waiting at the door. It was driven by another detective. We entered in silence and drove off. My thoughts were so gloomy, and my body so chilled, that I requested my quondam friend the detective to procure me some brandy.

"Well thought of," he replied, "drive to the Café."

I could not tell in what street we were, and some minutes elapsed ere we stopped. On the steam-stained window of a common vulgar café was written, *Café des Bon Garçons*, and underneath, "*Billiards*."

"You know this place?" queried the detective.

"Never saw it before," I replied. Yet I must certainly have *heard* of it. Where, and how? I strove to collect my thoughts. Yes, I *had* heard of it. Three days ago a cruel and dastardly assassination had taken place in this very shop. Out of seeming commiseration for me, I was allowed to remain in the cab with the other *gendarme*, while the detective brought out some brandy in a decanter. He was accompanied by a bullet-headed man, with closely cropped hair, in greasy clothes, and no shirt-collar. I took in all this at a glance. He looked carefully at me, and poured out a wineglassful of brandy. As I could not help myself, he held it to my lips, exclaiming as he did so:

"It is certainly *he*."

To be continued.

In one of her performances at the Petersburg Opera, Patti met with an accident through entangling her foot in a large robe which she wore in her *role*. The lady, however, was able to go on with her part, and received only a few slight contusions on the hands and knee.

At a meeting of head masters of English public schools, held at Sherborne, it was resolved that the present mode of pronouncing Latin in England is objectionable, and that the Latin Professors at Oxford and Cambridge should be invited to draw up a paper so as to insure uniformity in case a change is adopted.

The Earl of Orkney has been gazetted bankrupt. His lordship is one of the representative peers for Scotland, sitting, just as a Member of the House of Commons does, for the existence of this present Parliament and no longer. The question arises, therefore, whether he, being a bankrupt, does not thereby forfeit his seat the same as a bankrupt commoner.

Mr. Cox, of Brighton, recently received a telegram from a firm in London to know whether he could undertake the making of a million quinine pills within a fortnight—400,000 pills to be delivered in the first week and 600,000 in the second. Mr. Cox undertook the work. The order is said to have been given for the sick and wounded in the war.

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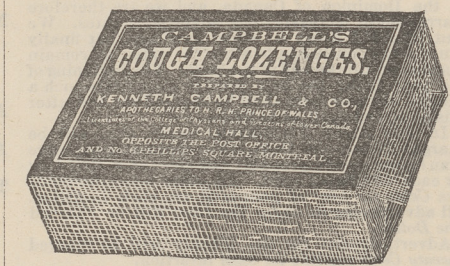
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